DAVIS OUTLINES HIS POLICY AS LABOR ARBITER

Cabinet Member Firm Believer in Employing Golden Rule in Dealings Between Capital and Workers.

"Everlasting promotion of fraternalism in the industrial world and the spreading of good feeling between employer, employe and the public."

This was the way Secretary of Labor James Davis, in addressing Moose convention delegates in Toledo, summed up his policy.

Secretary Davis stressed the application of the Golden Rule to the present troubled business situation and said the rule "was on the job" in the settlement of the packing and marine wage controversies. He said that, in his brief period in office, he had found American employer and employe responsive to appeals to their sense of fairness.

"In every dispute that has come before me," said the secretary, "I have refused to be discouraged, because I have seen these men, these average Americans, workers and employers, always responding to an appeal to their inborn sense of fairness. It has given me a new faith in our great people and a new faith in the simple old principles that are still the best. Best of them, the Golden Rule. As secretary of labor I have needed no other policy. The Golden Rule has measured up to all requirements."

Secretary Davis outlined some of the projects he has in mind to make the work of his department more effective. He laid emphasis on his plan to divide the work of industrial conciliation into 15 divisions, each relating to a basic industry. Over each division would be a recognized expert. "And the salary would be enough to attract the right man," said the secretary.

Secretary Davis said this would be money well expended because the services of these labor students and expert conciliators would insure the country against suspension of production because of industrial quarrels. He characterized this as his most ambitious project and said he intends to ask congress for the necessary legislation.

To Guard Against Disputes.

"I regard it as my duty," said Davis, "to carry out the President's idea of stopping industrial disputes before they begin."

Secretary Davis got a big hand from the audience when he pledged his utmost help in caring for disabled service men.

"It is an enormous obligation that the country owes these magnificent fellows, and it should be an enormous pleasure to pay it off," said the secretary, and a mighty cheer answered him. He spoke of an interview with President Harding regarding vocational and other assistance to war-maimed men, and he quoted the President as saying: "Do everything in your power for these poor fellows, Jim. No matter what it costs. We'll see that you get the money, if you see them back on their feet again."

Secretary Davis said that under his supervision of vocational aid to service men there would be no hit-or-miss policy, no placing of round pegs into square holes. He emphasized the necessity of dealing with the disabled veteran on a broad human basis.

Sees Better Times Ahead.

Secretary Davis, in speaking of the acute problem of unemployment, said that, after all, creation of jobs was up to business, and that he could go no further than to appeal to the best business brains to resume production so far as is safe. Citing statistics on growth of employment, the secretary said:

"It is clear that we have turned the corner in this discouraging matter of unemployment and that steady improvement may be expected from now on."

Americans, no matter how hard hit by the present depression, will look back on their lean time with thankfulness because, the secretary said, they will have been taught a lesson in thrift.

"I believe there is not one man out of a job today who has not resolved that when he gets to work again he will buy or build a home and save some part of his earnings," said the speaker.

Would Protect Immigrants.

Secretary Davis advocated reforms in handling of immigration and expressed himself in favor of a system of registration that would keep track of the new arrival, not to police him, but to safeguard him against insidious red propaganda.

He said one of the first things to do in order to improve the grade of new citizens would be to have them "hand picked on the other side."

Davis would have America take a warmer interest in the immigrant and more thoroughly equip him for citizenship.

The bureau of naturalization is unfortunately named, the secretary said, and should be given a happier label, for instance, bureau of citizenship.

"Till now," said Davis, "we have let the alien newcomer roam about the country to find a job and a home. He came over in the steerage and he needs steerage still. I want to keep track of that man. Uncle Sam is not a policeman, but a true uncle.

Work of the women's bureau in the labor department was outlined, the secretary pointing out that the bureau is giving helpful advice to 12,000,000 American women in industry. He said that through the efforts of this bureau, civil service places had been opened to women and discrimination as to sex and pay eliminated.

"The bureau has secured for women a wage based on the job, not on the sex," said Davis.

Davis also pointed out what is being done by the child welfare bureau in this department, and said there is great need for such a division when one considers "what a percentage of our children are driven out to earn a living before they can write their own names."

WAR RESUMED BY DEMOCRATS

National Leaders Abandon Pretense of Truce With Republicans.

Democratic national leaders have cast aside all pretense of a truce and now are openly conducting a guerilla warfare against the Harding administration.

When President Harding entered the White House, George White, chairman of the Democratic national committee, announced that the Democrats were going to be nice and polite. They would not be carping critics, he said. They would even help Harding make good.

Republicans doubted the good faith of these protestations and it was not long before their suspicions seemed justified.

Democratic leaders in the senate started bitter attacks on Harding appointees, especially George Harvey, U. S. ambassador to Great Britain. In the house Democratic assaults were launched against the Harding administration policies, particularly the peace program.

Senator "Pat" Harrison of Mississippi, close friend and political adviser of former Governor James M. Cox, attempted to submarine the President's efficiency and economy program by opposing Walter F. Brown of Toledo for chairman of the government reorganization committee, of which Harrison is a member, and getting Congressman Sisson, one of his former Mississippi colleagues in the house, to make a vicious personal attack on Brown.

In both the house and the senate it became clear that the Democratic leaders, despite their previous professions of good will, were working in systematic opposition to every administration measure. Some of the frankest of them admitted it to be the Democratic policy to block all legislation for which the Republicans might be given public credit.

All this has contributed to the conviction prevailing in Washington that, regardless of their pious professions, the Democratic chiefs have never for a minute intened that politics should be "adjourned."

Former Governor Cox, the Democratic nominee for president in 1920, has now come out in an editorial in the Dayton News alleging that failure of the United States to ratify the peace treaty is responsible for all the political, economic and other ills from which the world now is suffering, and, by implication at least, putting the responsibility on the Harding administration.

As a result, even those Democrats who were loudest in their proclamations of patriotic non-partisanism, have taken the cue and completely abandoned their too obvious camouflage.

Since the G. O. P. chieftains never took the Democratic pose seriously, they are not at all downhearted at this development. Their feeling, rather, is one of combined amusement and gratification—amusement that their political enemies should thus have defeated their own strategy; gratification that the sham has been exposed.

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine

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Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy in tin boxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

TWO PAIRS DOTTED SCRIM CURTAINS 98¢

HERE'S a COOL bargain for HOT weather! An amazing value which we can offer *only while the supply lasts* because we made large purchases from a manufacturer who had to raise quick cash. THINK OF IT! Not 50c for one pair of curtains, good value at the price for Scrim of this quality, but 98c for 10 YARDS of high-grade, soft-finish, dotted Scrim, enough for TWO PAIRS of full-size, smart-looking curtains. AND you can make them up to suit your room!

This lovely dotted Scrim is finished with a dainty floral border and neat Picot lace edge, which makes the curtains charmingly artistic and gives your room a cool and inviting appearance these hot days. You'll want enough for your whole home when you see the splendid quality and delightful possibilities of this Scrim. Choose either of two designs—pink or blue flowered border with dots to match.

SEND NO MONEY

When we say that this Scrim is worth double what we ask, we mean just that. Send the Satisfaction Coupon! Judge for yourself! You take absolutely no risk! Money back if you are not

SATISFACTION COUPON

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Send me 10 yards of Scrim as described above. Special Offer No. 1115. I'll pay the postman 98c, plus postage when he delivers them. If I'm not entirely satisfied in every respect, I'll return this Scrim and you will refund the purchase price plus postage. I assume no obligations.

Name .....

Address .....

Mail color of date wanted.

THE MORNING AFTER—"GREAT SCOTT! WHAT A GLORIOUS TIME I'VE HAD!"

DOES NOT SEEK GERMAN BONDS

Mellon Opposes Insistence on Immediate Payment of Foreign Loans.

Acceptance of German bonds as substitutes for the obligations of European nations debtor to the United States is not at present contemplated by the treasury, Secretary Mellon told the senate finance committee in urging favorable action on the administration bill to enable the refunding of the $11,000,000,000 which Europe owes the United States.

Mr. Mellon informed the committee that the treasury department, moreover, had no intention of inviting suggestions involving acceptance of German bonds, but added that sound business judgment might make advisable the substitution of German bonds if offered by some of the weaker debtor nations.

Broad powers which would be conferred by the administration bill on the treasury department in the refunding process were said by Mr. Mellon to be necessary for, he said, "it is essential to have the new securities in the most substantial form so that they may be available to this government for future use."

Secretary Mellon after his appearance before the committee conferred with Chairman Penrose and was understood to have told Senator Penrose that the administration was convinced that it would be "financially and economically disastrous" both to the United States and the debtor nations for the former to insist on any immediate payment of the loans because of the effect on trade and foreign exchange.

Trotzky Predicts War Between U. S. and Other Nations

The Third Internationale, in session in Moscow, notwithstanding the opposition of many Swiss and German delegates, has authorized Leon Trotzky, Bolshevist minister of war, to draw up the Internationale's manifesto to the world's proletariat, says a Moscow dispatch.

The opposition arose over Trotzky's announcement that a conflict might be expected between the United States and European nations, as the United States and Great Britain and Great Britain and France were in sharp disagreement, while the United States was increasing its fleet in order to rule the world.

On the question of acceptance of Trotzky's thesis, the German delegates were opposed to his forecast, saying the relations between the United States and Great Britain were not strained, and that Trotzky was overstressing future perspectives and ignoring immediate possibilities. The German and Swiss delegates proposed that a committee draw up the manifesto, but a motion by Karl Radek, assigning the task to Trotzky, won on the second ballot.

How to Live Long

One husband and a clear conconscience is the recipe of Mrs. Martin E. Wilson of Pittsburgh, for reaching the century mark. Mrs. Wilson is 102. "My conscience never has troubled me," she said, "because I never married again. I was left a widow at 26. I believe in one husband for one woman, but that doesn't seem to be the style now."

HARDING BACKS BILL FOR VETS

Says Sweet Measure for Relief of Disabled Has His Support.

President Harding has pledged himself to do everything in his power to obtain immediate passage by the senate of the veterans' bureau bill as an emergency measure.

Representative Sweet of Iowa, author of the bill passed by the house to end the abuses of soldier relief due to haphazard legislation and unco-ordinated agencies, called at the White House and informed the President of the pressing need of immediate action on the legislation.

Sweet described the pathetic plight of thousands of ex-service men who are being inadequately cared for because of the lack of government hospital facilities or are awaiting relief delayed by the red tape of the ill organized system.

The President told Mr. Sweet there is no legislation of more immediate concern to him than the reorganization of the soldier relief agencies and the ending of the abuses from which the ex-service men are suffering. He had recommended such legislation in his message to this congress and had been gratified by the action of the house in passing the bill for the veterans' bureau.

President Harding expressed the hope that the senate would not delay action on the measure and assured Mr. Sweet he would do everything possible to expedite the legislation.

Senator Smoot has not called a meeting of the subcommitee to consider the bill up to date.

SHORT ENDS OF WORLD NEWS

ARTHUR GRIFFITH, founder and president of the Sinn Fein, and Dr. McNeill, who is high in the councils of the Irish republicans, have been released from Mount Joy prison. Both are members of parliament, but both, in accordance with the policy of the Sinn Fein, have refused to take their seats.

President Harding has signed the army bill cutting the size of the United States army from 220,000 to 150,000 men. He signed it under protest and sent a message to congress informing it that the administration had been embarrassed.

Having considered all the arguments offered by Panama against the acceptance of the White boundary award, Secretary of State Hughes has rejected them in their entirety and Panama will be informed that the terms of the award must be carried out.

Reorganization of the federal prohibition enforcement forces along lines previously announced became effective July 1. The new state directors and the flying column of agents for interstate work, directly under the commissioner, have taken the field.

Railroad workers are now being paid for all overtime work in excess of eight hours daily at the prorata rate, instead of receiving time and one-half as the result of the temporary decision of the railway labor board.

Germany has fulfilled her obligation to replace railway material taken by her armed forces from allied countries during the war.

Organized labor had decided to ask President Harding, his cabinet and congress to bring about recognition of the Irish Republic, and will protest to Great Britain against the "brutal and uncivilized warfare being conducted in Ireland."

Cecil H. Harmsworth, British under secretary of foreign affairs, has informed the house of commons that the government had received a letter from the council of the League of Nations suggesting that in deference to the views of the United States the powers should make every effort to arrive at a solution of the mandates question with the United States.

The Anglo-Japanese treaty will automatically continue in force for another year.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, attorney general during the Roosevelt administration, died at Bella Vista, his country home near Baltimore, Md., on June 28. Mr. Bonaparte had been in poor health for about a year, suffering from a heart affection. He was 70 years old.

General Semenoff, the anti-Bolshevik leader who for some time had been on the steamer Shodo Maru at Vladivostok, from which he was not permitted to land, disappeared from the ship recently.

By the terms of the settlement with the British miners a new wage basis will prevail for the next 18 months, whereby the miners receive 20 per cent above the prewar scale of wages with an additional share of profits.

The total interest bearing debt of the United States on April 30 last was $23,759,514,102.91, it has been announced by the treasury department.

Strike of municipal firemen and policemen in Quebec ended when an ultimatum directing the strikers to report for duty was delivered by the city council after its members had spent four hours in conference with the mayor.

The Kurds have risen in revolt against the Turkish Nationalists in the region of Konieh. A division of troops has been sent against them by the Turkish leader.

Civil proceedings charging violations of the anti-trust law have been instituted in the federal court at New York by the government against the Cement Manufacturers' Protective association and its officers and members.

Prince Regent Alexander of Serbia and Premier Pasich had a miraculous escape from death at Belgrade recently when a bomb was exploded. Seven persons were wounded. A Hungarian communist was arrested.

Myron T. Herrick has departed for Paris, where for the second time he will assume the duties as ambassador to France.

President Harding spent a Fourth of July vacation at the home of Senator Frelinghuysen at Raritan, N. J. He traveled from Washington in the chair car of a regular passenger train, being the first time in several administrations that a President has done this.

SECRETARY OF STATE HUGHES is expected to present terms of a peace treaty with Germany soon. The terms have been taken from the Versailles treaty which the senate rejected because it was interwoven with the league of nations covenant.

Governor Small of Illinois has decided to appoint Mrs. Winnifred Mason Huck as a member-at-large in congress from the state to complete the unexpired term of her father, the late William E. Mason. A resolution empowering him to fill the vacancy was adopted by the state legislature.

Allied high commissioners have informed the Porte that violation of the neutral zone at Constantipole will be regarded as a cause for war.

Railway employes numbering 1,500,000 went to work at reduced wages on July 1 while their leaders went into conference.

After acceding to the dictum of the United States railway labor board directing that wage negotiations be held with union representatives instead of the employes en masse, the Pullman company was given permission to make wage reductions for shop craft employes.

Appointment of H. C. Taylor as chief of the bureau of markets and crop estimates to succeed George Livingston, resigned, has been announced by Secretary Wallace.

Alexander Howat and August Dorchy, president and [illegible] president of the Kansas miners' union, have been found guilty of criminal contempt by a jury of violating criminal provisions of the Kansas industrial court law by calling a strike.

Seventy-seven members of the Philippine constabulary have been convicted of murder for the killing of three American members of the Manila police force and other persons in rioting between the constabulary and police last December.

A wage reduction of 15 per cent has been announced by the Bethlehem Steel corporation. Salaried men were reduced 10 per cent.

Rulings liberalizing preceding regulations under which lapsed or canceled war risk term insurance may be reinstated or converted have been introduced by the bureau of war insurance by approval of Secretary Mellon.

French Honor U. S. Surgeon

Dr. Alexis Carrell, the noted American surgeon, has been elected national associate of the Academy of Medicine. Under the rules of the academy there may be only 20 national associates all of whom have heretofore been residents of France.

NEWS FROM CAPITAL

What Congress Is Doing

The Fordney tariff bill will yield only about $400,000,000 a year, according to a rough estimate by Joseph S. McCoy, actuary of the treasury department. This means an increase of only $75,000,000 from the revenue of the fiscal year 1920 and indicates that the tariff cannot be counted upon to make up for the repeal of taxes.

President Harding nominated William Howard Taft, former president, to be chief justice of the supreme court of the United States. The senate confirmed the appointment by a vote of 60 to 4.

Democratic senators assailed the administration bill to give the secretary of the treasury power to refund the allied war debt, and opposition developed also in Republican quarters.

The federal reserve board reported that conflicting economic influences have tended to lower the level of business activity in some instances and advance the movement of recovery in others. Prices, however, showed a downward tendency.

By a vote of 38 to 26, on motion of Senator Borah, the Calder bill authorizing seasonal freight rates on coal shipments was sent back to committee.

Establishment in New York of an international banking institution to be known as "the bank of nations," with a capital of $2,000,000,000, to act as fiscal agent of the United States and such other governments as might be admitted as stockholders, is proposed in a bill by Senator Hitchcock.

Eugene Meyer, Jr., managing director of the War Finance Corporation told the agricultural committee the question whether the government should enter the business of buying and selling farm products for export is one of policy which the government must decide, but added that "we can not pull the country out of the hole without pulling the farmers out."

The house voted to further insist on its disagreement to the senate amendment authorizing an initial appropriation of $15,000,000 toward construction of two airplane carriers.

President Harding pledged himself to do everything in his power to gain immediate passage by the senate of the veterans' bureau bill introduced by Representative Sweet of Iowa.

The house voted, 84 to 30, to insist on its disagreement to senate amendments authorizing acceptance of a tract of land from King county, Wash., as a site for a naval aviation base at Sand Point and the expenditure of $800,000 for development of such a base.

The new Republican tariff bill restoring the principle of protection to American industry and completely revising the Underwood-Simmons tariff was introduced.

By a vote of 330 to 4 the house agreed to the amendment to the naval appropriation bill introduced by Senator Borah, designed to limit by agreement the naval programs of the United States, Great Britain and Japan.

For two weeks five senators, finance subcommittee members, have been holding the Sweet bill, passed by the house June 10, which would create the veterans' bureau for relief of ex-service men, and provides legislation to end the scandal of the government's neglect of discharged and wounded soldiers. Senator Smoot, committee chairman, says hearings will be held with a view to improving the measure, and that it will be a month before the senate can pass it.

Internal revenue officers figure the government will collect more than $500,000 in taxes from the Dempsey-Carpentier fight.

Willis-Campbell anti-beer bill assailed in the senate by Senator Broussard, Louisiana, who branded it as a further infringment on the rights of the people.

E. E. Clark, interstate commerce commission chairman, writes Senator Norris, committee on agriculture chairman, objecting to the provision in the Norris export corporation bill which provides for reduction on farm products handled by the corporation.

Beer as a medicine was decreed illegal by the house, which passed by a vote of 250 to 93 the Willis-Campbell bill to prevent medicinal use of beer and light wines.

The Harding administration will stand pat on its determination that Mexico shall submit a signed guaranty that it will not confiscate American properties before it can obtain recognition from the United States, notwithstanding President Obregon's recent verbal promise that there will be no confiscation.

Railway supply men urged President Harding to expedite the payment to the railroads of its debt accrued during federal operation of the roads during the war.

John F. Wallace, former chairman of the Chicago railway terminal commission, told the senate investigating committee that Chicago furnished an "outstanding example of the disastrous effect of the application of the competitive principle to railway terminal operations."

Senator Frelinghuysen asserted that if his bills for seasonable freight rates on coal and government stabilization of the coal industry fail there will be another serious coal famine next winter.

Opening foreign markets to surplus American grain is all that will save American farmers from bankruptcy, according to Carl Vrooman of Illinois, former assistant secretary of agriculture.

Assuming the office of chief of staff, General Pershing's first order instructs the army to aid service men to obtain care and relief.

Representative Chandler, Oklahoma, in defending crude pertoleum and fuel oil duties in the tariff bill, said the purpose is to prevent the Standard Oil Co. from becoming a monopoly and to give the independents a chance. He promised cheaper gasoline.

Further railroad investigation by the senate committee on interstate commerce postponed until August. Walter L. Fisher, Chicago, was a witness.

Representative Madden, Illinois, assails methods of handling disciplinary cases in the classified service and urges establishment of a civil service court of appeals.

BILL RESTORES PROTECTION TO U. S. INDUSTRIES

Continued From Page One.

amount to more than 20 per cent below the estimated rate.

The President is limited in entering into such agreements to a period of three years following the passage of the act. In this case no provision is made for ratification of the agreements by congress.

One of the miscellaneous provisions in the bill provides that duties shall be levied on articles coming into the United States from the Philippines, except that products of the Philippines which do not contain foreign materials to the value of more than 20 per cent of the total value shall be admitted free.

As a result of the adoption of the American valuation system, ad valorem rates of duty are somewhat less than would have been necessary under the foreign valuation system. In this manner it has been made possible to fix rates which in many cases appear on their face to be lower than in the Payne-Aldrich law.

Prefer Specific Rates.

It has been the effort of members of the committee to adopt specific rates of duty instead of ad valorem rates wherever possible. The general policy has been to keep the skecific rates down to a level of the Payne-Aldrich rates, but exceptions to this rule have been made in numerous instances. The rates in general naturally represent increases over the rates of the present Underwood law, framed by the Democrats.

The American valuation scheme provides for the assessment of ad valorem duties upon "the price on the date of exportation of the imported merchandise at which comparable and competitive products of the United States were ordinarily sold, or freely offered for sale, in the usual wholesale quantities in the principal market or markets of the United States."

It is provided that when such value cannot be ascertained to the satisfaction of the appraising officer, the basis shall be "the value of the imported merchandise on said date for sale for consumption or use in the United States."

Among the commodities on the free list are:

Agricultural implements, animals imported for breeding purposes, antimony ore, antitoxins and vaccines, bread, chromite, coal, cobalt, cocoa, coffee, copper ore, cotton, cork bark, iron ore, leather, shoes, hides, wood pulp, platinum, radium, silk cocoons, news print paper, tapioca and tapioca flour, tea, tin ore, works of art, and most kinds of lumber.

Reciprocal provisions are included in connection with several of the items on the free list. These include lumber, coal, wood pulp, and news print paper.

FORMER DRY OFFICIAL ACCUSED OF BRIBERY

William P. Eagan, formerly assistant chief of the legal division of the prohibition bureau of internal revenue, who was arrested in Washington charged with bribery in connection with the issuance of liquor permits, was released on $2,500 bond after arraignment before U. S. Commissioner Mason R. Richardson. He waived examination before the commissioner.

The specific charge against Eagan was that he accepted a bribe of $300 in payment for "putting through a wholesale permit covering the sale of sacramental wines."

Do you know why it's toasted?

To seal in the delicious Burley flavor.

It's toasted.

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

Manufactured by The American Tobacco Co.

Mummy Seeds

Seeds about 2,000 years old found in the hands of an Egyptian mummy have sprouted in the conservatory of William Patterson of Quincy, Mass., and are beginning to bear blossoms like those of the sweet pea, despite skeptical predictions that nothing would happen, their owner declares.

VICTIMS RESCUED

Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for these disorders, will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against further attacks. Three sizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

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"Reo" Cluster Metal Shingles, V-Crimp, Corrugated, Standing Seam, Painted or Galvanized Roofings, Siding, Wallboard, Paints, etc., direct to you at Rock-Bottom Factory Prices. Positively greatest offer ever made.

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cost less; outlast three ordinary roofs. No painting or repairs. Guaranteed rot, fire, rust, lightning proof.

Get our wonderfully low prices and free samples. We send them to you and save you all in-between profits. Ask for Book No. 175

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Lowest prices on Ready-Made Fire-Proof Steel Garages. Set up any place. Send postal for Garage Book, showing styles.

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KEEPING WELL—An NR Tablet (a vegetable aperient) taken at night will help keep you well, by toning and strengthening your digestion and elimination.

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Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

CANCER

Its successful treatment without use of the knife. Hundreds of satisfied patients testify to this method. Write for free book. Tells how to care for patients suffering from cancer. Address DR. W. O. BYE, Kansas City, Mo.

DR. W. O. BYE, Kansas City, Mo.

SLOW Ears or QUICK Ears

Which Are YOURS?

Slow ears mean that you can't quite catch the sense of what people are talking about. You lose a word here and there. You feel tired because of your constant effort to hear. Perhaps you have noises in your head, so that you feel confused when you try to distinguish sounds.

In other words you feel the gradual dulling of one of the most important of all our senses.

Quick ears mean just the reverse of the foregoing—the ability to hear sounds readily and keenly—to hear the birds—the lodge ritual—and the sermon.

Quick ears mean that you catch every word of the family chat—the business conversation—just as you used to do.

4-Day Treatments Free

In Boston at 43 Trade Building is the office of a man who after being graduated from Dublin University, Ireland, and after serving as surgeon in the British Royal Mail Naval Service for a period, has for more than 35 years, made Catarrhal Deafness a study. Moreover, Ear Specialist Sproule and his associates developed a method of Home Treatment for Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

It is so difficult to property describe a Method of Home Treatment that instead they offer a 4-day treatment, FREE. All you have to do is to send off for a free Treatment. Just a postpard or letter asking for the Free Deafness Treatment will bring it by return mail.

You are asked to use it carefully. Examine the treatment—note its careful preparation—the ease and convenience with which it can be used at home. Observe how every detail of the Method has been made to work toward the desired end of changing slow ears into quick ears.

Then after you have done this, and have seen the Method for yourself, read what some grateful friends have to say of the results they have received.

If you have slow ears, you are gladly welcome to this opportunity to see what can be done for them, through this Home Treatment Method.

Write for your Free Treatment to

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FREE TO Pile Sufferers

Don't Be Cut—Until You Try This New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Chew Up a Pleasant Tasting Tablet Occasionally and Rid Yourself of Piles.

Let Me Prove This Free

My internal method for the treatment of piles is the permanent relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of grateful letters testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is chronic or acute, whether it is occasional or permanent, you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of ointments, salves and other local applications have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one most dependable treatment.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon, but do this now, TODAY.

Free Pile Remedy

E. R. Pase,
423 G Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.
Please send free trial of your method to:

.....

.....

THE WRECKERS

By Francis Lynde

Copyright, 1920, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Continued From Last Week.

"I don't envy your man his job, either way around; not the least little morsel in the world," said the wheat king quietly. And then: "Who is he, Uncle John?"

The wheat king gave a great laugh.

"Don't tell me you haven't guessed it," he chuckled. "You're the man, Graham."

But now Mr. Norcross had something to say for himself, sitting up straight and shaking his head sort of sorrowfully at the big man in the padded chair.

"No, you don't, my good old friend; not in a thousand years! You'd lose out in the end, and I'd lose out; and besides, I'm not quite ready to commit suicide." And then to me: "Jimmie, suppose you go and tap on the door and tell the ladies we're pulling into Portal City."

CHAPTER IV.

The Tipping of the Scale.

After all, it wasn't so very late in the night when our special pulled up to the Portal City station platform and I turned myself into a messenger boy escort for the lady and the little girl whose muff had been responsible for so many different dip-dips in the short space of a few hours.

I hadn't hung around while the boss was telling Mrs. Sheila and Maisie Ann goodbye. Our conductor had wired ahead from the first telegraph station we came to and had asked to have our dunnage—the two women's, the boss' and mine—taken out of the "Flyer" Pullman and sent back to Portal City on a local, and I was in the baggage-room, digging up the put-off stuff, at the goodbye minute. But I guess they didn't quarrel any—the boss and Mrs. Sheila. She was laughing a little to herself as I helped her down from the car, and when I asked her where she wanted to go, she said I might ask one of the porters to carry the traps, and we'd walk to the hotel, which was only a few blocks up the main street.

She took Maisie Ann on the other side of her and let two of the blocks go by without saying anything more, and then she gave that quiet little laugh again and said, "Your Mr. Norcross amuses me, Jimmie. He says I have no business to travel without a guardian. What do you think about it?"

I told her I hadn't any thinks coming, and she seemed to take that for a joke and laughed some more. Then she asked me if I'd ever been in New York, and I felt sort of small when I had to tell her that I had never been east of Omaha in all my life. With that, she told me not to worry; that if I stayed with Mr. Norcross I'd probably get to go anywhere I wanted to.

Something in the way she said it made it sound like a little slam on the boss, and of course I wasn't going to stand for that.

"There is one thing about it: the boss will make good wherever he goes," I hit back. "You can bet on that."

"I like your loyalty," she flashed out. "It is a fine thing in a day that is much too careless of such qualities. And I agree with you that your Mr. Norcross is likely to succeed; more than likely, if he will only learn to combine a little gentle cleverness with the heavy hand."

There was no doubt about it this time; she was slamming the boss, and I meant to get at the bottom of it, right there and then.

"I don't think you have any cause to blacklist Mr. Norcross," I said. "Hasn't he been right good and brotherly to both of you this evening?"

"Oh, I didn't mean that," she said real earnestly. "But in the stateroom in Mr. Chadwick's car: the ventilator was open, you know, until Maisie Ann got up and shut it, and we couldn't very well help hearing what was said about the kidnaping. Neither Mr. Chadwick nor Mr. Norcross seemed to be able to account for it."

"Can you account for it?" I asked, bluntly enough, I guess.

At this she smiled and said, "It would be rather presumptuous for me to try where Mr. Norcross and Mr. Chadwick failed, wouldn't it? But maybe I can give you just a wee little hint. If you are not well enough acquainted with Mr. Chadwick to ask him yourself, you might tell Mr. Norcross to ask him if there isn't some strong reason why somebody, or perhaps a number of somebodies, wanted to keep him out of Portal City over Sunday night and possibly a part of the Monday."

We were coming to the big electric sign that was winking out the letters to spell "Hotel Bullard," and I was bound to have it out with her before my chance was gone.

"See here," I put in; "you saw something more than I did, and more than Mr. Norcross did. What was it?"

This time she took the motherly tone with me again and told me I must learn not to be rude and masterful, like the boss. Then she gave me what I was reaching for.

"You saw the two men who went over to the auto and smoked while they were waiting for the other two to come back?"

I told her that I hadn't seen them very well; couldn't, with nothing but the starlight to help out.

"Neither did I," she admitted. "But if I am not mistaken, I have seen them many times before, and they are very well known here in Portal City. One of them, the smaller one with the derby hat and the short overcoat, was either Mr. Rufus Hatch or his double; and the other, the heavy-set one, might have been Mr. Gustave Henkel, Mr. Hatch's partner in the Red Tower Company."

This didn't help out much, but you can bet that I made a note of the two names. We were just going into the hotel, so I didn't have a chance to ask any more questions; and after I had paid the porter for lugging the grips, Mrs. Sheila had made whatever arrangements she wanted to with the clerk, and she and Maisie Ann were ready to take the elevator.

"You are going back to Mr. Chadwick's car?" she asked, when she was telling me goodbye and thanking me for coming up to the hotel with them.

I told her I was, and then she came around to the kidnaping business again of her own accord.

"You may give Mr. Norcross the hint I gave you, if you wish," she said; "only you must be a good boy, Jimmie, and not drag me into it. I couldn't be positively certain, you know, that the two men were really Mr. Hatch and Mr. Henckel. But if there is any reason why those two wouldn't want Mr. Chadwick to reach the city at the time he was counting on—"

"I see," I nodded; "it just puts the weight of the inference over on that side. I'll tell the boss, when I get a good chance, and you can bet your last dollar he won't tangle you up in it—he isn't put together that way."

"Well, then, good night," she smiled, giving me her hand. And then: "Mr. Norcross says you'll be going on East tomorrow, and in that case it may be a long time before we meet again. After a while, after he has forgotten all about it, you may tell him from me—" She stopped and gave me that funny little laugh again that made her look so pretty, and said: "No, I guess you needn't, either." And with that she sort of edged the little girl into the elevator before we could get a chance to shake hands, and I heard her tell the boy to take them up to the mezzanine landing.

Since I didn't have any reason to suppose that the boss was needing me, I took my own time about going back to hunt for Mr. Chadwick's car in the railroad yards, loafing for a while in the Bullard lobby to rubber and look on at the people coming and going. You can tell pretty well how a town stacks up for business if you hit it between ten and eleven o'clock of a Sunday night and hang around its best hotel. If the town is dead, there won't be anybody stirring around the hotel at that hour. But Portal City seemed to be good and alive. There were lots of people knocking about on the sidewalks and drifting in and out of the lobby.

By and by, I went down to the station and began to hunt for the Alexa. The yard crew had sidetracked it on a spur down by the freight house, and when I had stumbled over to it the negro porter remembered me well enough to let me in.

The boss and Mr. Chadwick were facing each other across the table, which was all littered up with papers and maps and reports, and they hardly noticed me when I blew in and sat down a little to one side. I had known well enough, when Mr. Norcross had turned the new offer down, that Mr. Chadwick wasn't going to let it go at that. It seemed that he hadn't; he had got the boss sufficiently interested to go over the papers with him, anyhow.

But just after I broke in, Mr. Norcross jumped up and began to pace back and forth before the table, with his hands in his pockets.

"No, I can't see it, Uncle John," he said, still sort of stubborn and determined. "You are trying to make me believe that I ought to take the biggest job that has ever been set before an expert in any field: to demonstrate, on this rotten corpse of a railroad, the solution of a problem that has the entire country guessing at the present time; namely, the winning of success, and public — and industrial — approval for a carrier corporation which had continuously and persistently broken every commandment in all the decalogues—of business; of fair-dealing with its employes; of common honesty with everybody."

Mr. Chadwick nodded. "That is about the size of it," he said.

"I wouldn't say that it can't be done," the boss went on. "Perhaps it is possible, for the right man. But I'm not the right man. You need somebody who can combine the qualities of a pretty brutal slugger with those of a fine-haired, all-things-to-all-men, diplomatic peacemaker. I can do the slugging; I've proved it a time or two in the past. But I'm no good at the other end of the game. When it comes to handling the fellow with a 'pull,' I've either got to smash him or quit."

At that Mr. Chadwick nodded again and said: "That is one of the reasons why I have reached out and picked you for the job. There will be a good bit of the slugging needed, at first, and I guess you can acquire the other things as you go along, can't you?"

"Not at this late day, I'm afraid. People who know me best call me a scrapper, and I've been living up to my reputation. Yesterday, when we were held up behind the freight wreck at Widner, I got off to see what we were in for. The conductor of our train had spotted me from seeing my pass, and I happened to hear him docketing me for the wrecking boss. He said I was known on the Midland as 'Hell-and-repeat' Norcross; that it was a habit with me to have a man for breakfast every morning."

"I can add a little something to that," Mr. Chadwick put in, quizzically. "Lepaige, your Oregon Midland president, says you need humanizing, and wonders why you haven't married some good woman who would knock the rough corners off. Why haven't you, Graham?"

The boss gave a short laugh. "Too busy," he said. "Past that, we might assume that the good woman hasn't presented herself. Let it go. The facts still stand. I am too heavy-handed for this job of yours. I should probably mix up with some of these grafters you've been telling me about and get a knife in my back. That would be all in the day's work, of course, but it would leave you right where you are now. And as for this other thing—the industrial side of it: that's a large order; a whaling big order. I'm not even prepared to say, off-hand, that it's the right thing to do."

"Right or wrong, it's a thing that is coming, Graham," was the sober reply. "If we don't meet it half-way—well, the time will come when we of the hiring-and-firing side won't be given any option in the matter. You may call it Utopian if you please, and add that I'm growing old and losing my grip. But that doesn't obliterate the fact that the days of the present master-and-man relations in the industries are numbered."

The boss shook his head. "As I say, I can't go that far with you, off-hand; and if I could, I should still doubt that I am the man to head your procession.'

I thought that settled it, but that was because I didn't know Mr. Chadwick very well. The big wheat king just smiled up at the boss, sort of fatherly, and said:

"We'll let it rest until morning and give you a chance to sleep on it. You have spoken only of the difficulties and the responsibilities, Graham; but there is another side to it. In a way, it's an opportunity, carrying with it the promise of the biggest kind of a reward."

"I don't see it," said the boss briefly.

"Don't you? I do. I have an idea rambling around in my head that it is about time some bright young fellow was demonstrating that problem you speak of—showing the people of the United States that a railroad needn't be regarded as an outlaw among the industries; needn't have the enmity of everybody it serves; needn't be the prey of a lot of disloyal and dissatisfied employes who are interested only in the figure of the pay-day check; needn't be shot at as a wolf with a bounty on its scalp. Let it rest at that for the present. Get your hat and we'll walk up-town to the hotel. I want to have a word with Dunton tonight, if I can shake him loose from his junketing bunch long enough to listen to it. Beyond that, I want to get hold of the sheriff and put him on the track of those hold-ups."

Here was a chance for me to butt in with the hint Mrs. Sheila had given me, but I didn't see how I was going to do it without giving her away. So I said the little end of nothing, just as hard as I could; and when we got out of the car, Mr. Norcross told me to go by the station and have our luggage sent to the hotel, and that killed whatever chance I might have had farther along.

It was some time after eleven o'clock when I got around to the hotel with the traps. The stir in the lobby had quieted down to make it seem a little more like Sunday night, but an automobile party had just come in, and some of the men were jawing at the clerk because the house wasn't serving a midnight theater supper in the cafe on the Sunday.

Mr. Chadwick had disappeared, but I saw the boss at the counter waiting for his chance at the clerk. The quarrelsome people melted away at last, all but one—a young swell who would have been handsome if he hadn't had the eyes of a maniac and a color that was sort of corpse-like with the pallor of a booze-fighter. He had his hat on the back of his head, and he was ripping it off at the clerk like a drunken hobo.

His ravings were so cluttered up with cuss-words that I couldn't get any more than the drift of them, but it seemed that he had caught a glimpse of somebody he knew—a woman, I took it, because he said "she"—looking down from the rail of the mezzanine, and he wanted to go up to her. And it appeared that the clerk had told the elevator man not to take him up in his present condition.

The boss was growing sort of impatient; I could tell it by the way the little side muscles on his jaw were working. When he got the ear of the clerk for a second or so between cusses, he asked what was the matter with the lunatic. I caught only broken bits of the clerk's half-whisper: "Young Collingwood . . . President Dunton's nephew . . . saw lady . . . mezzanine . . . wants to go up to her."

The boss scowled at the young fellow, who was now handing himself around the corner of the counter to get at the clerk again, and said: "Why don't you ring for an officer and have him run in?"

The night clerk was evidently scared of his job. "I wouldn't dare to do that," he chittered. "He's one of the New York crowd—the railroad people—President Dunton's nephew—guest of the house."

The young fellow had pulled himself around to our side of the counter by this time and was hooking his arm to make a pass at Mr. Norcross, trimming things up as he came with a lot more language. The boss said, right short and sharp, to the clerk, "Get his room key and give it to a boy who can show me the way," and the next thing we knew he had bashed that lunatic square in the face and was cuffing him along to the nearest elevator.

I guess it sort of surprised the clerk, and everybody else who happened to see it—but not me. It was just like the boss. He came back in a few minutes, looking as cool as a cucumber.

"What did you do with him?" asked the clerk, kind of awed and half scared.

"Got a couple of the corridor sweepers to put him in a bath and turn the cold water on him. That'll take the whisky out of him. Now, if you have a minute to spare, I'd like to get my assignment."

We hadn't more than got our rooms marked off for us when I saw Mr. Chadwick coming across from the farther of the three elevators. He was smiling sort of grim, as if he'd made a killing of some sort with Mr. Dunton, and instead of heading back for his car he took the boss over to a corner of the lobby and sat down to smoke with him.

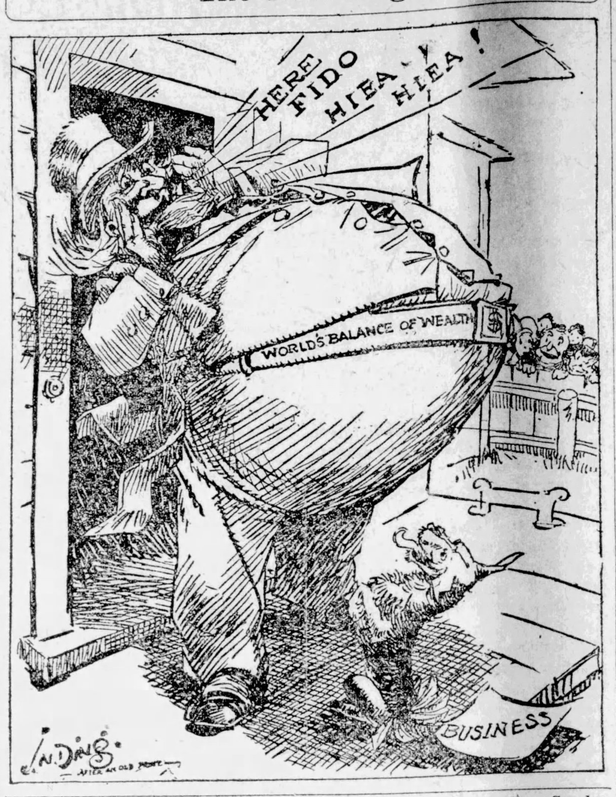
I circled around for a while, and after a bit Mr. Norcros held up a finger at me to bring him a match. They didn't seem to be talking anything private, so I sat down just beyond them, so sleepy that I could hardly see straight. Mr. Chadwick was telling about his early experiences in Portal City, how he blew in first on top of the Strathcona gold boom, and how he had known mighty near everybody in the region in those days.

While he was talking, a taxi drove up and one of the old residenters came in from the street and crossed to the elevators; a mighty handsome, stately old gentleman, with fierce white mustaches and a goatee, and "Southern Colonel" written all over him.

"There's one of them now; Major Basil Kendrick—Kentucky born and raised, as you might guess," Mr. Chadwick was saying. "Old-school Southern 'quality,' and as fine as they make 'em. He is a lawyer, but not in active practice: owns a mine or two in Strathcona Gulch, and is neither too rich nor too poor."

To Be Continued.

The Lost Dog



FASHIONS BY MARTHA HOLDEN

Stop, look, and listen say the Misses 1048, 1052 and 1050!

Miss 1048 stops long enough to show us her clever costume. Even though the imitation jacket has buttons on both sides there is no hope for its ever coming together.

Miss 1052 looks into the future for she is rushing the season with her long tight sleeves. Maybe you think her dress is all dark but look again—see those inverted pleats of contrasting materials cleverly emphasized by the ribbon sash. The severe lines of the uncollared neck were purposely chosen because she knows she is beautiful without too much adornment. While she is "looking" she may see a line if susceptible hearts waiting to be broken.

"What do I hear about myself?" asks Miss 1050 in a harem scarem mood.

"You are adorable," we tell her "with your polka dots. She too, knows where to tie her sash though she prefers a nice soft crushy one.

Be careful "1017" or you will rake yourself right off this page, and we do not want to lose such an ambitious youngster who rakes and waters the lawn simultaneously. His feet do not belong together—the shoes match and the knees match but the socks dare you to think they are meant for a pair.

Little 9870 is between two fires—so much is happening on either side of him that his ball has lost its charm. Those creased trousers even though they stop at the knees, make him feel very much grown up.

Before you jump away "9836" let us look at your little girl's suit. Kilted skirt no bigger'n a minute and cunning coat with its wisp of plaid. The patterns say it is a dress but her heart beats a wee bit faster because we called it a suit.

Now jumy away, rake away, and throw your ball, children. We will break the spell for you too, dear young ladies—the road is now clear so you may be on your way.

No. 1048—Ladies' Dress—Cut in sizes 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch white material with 2 yards 36-inch checked material and 4 yards ribbon.

No. 1052—Ladies' Dress—Cut in sizes 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch material with 1⅜ yards 36-inch contrasting.

No. 1050—Ladies' Dress—Cut in sizes 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch material with ⅝ yard 23-inch lace for collar.

No. 1017—Boys' Suit—Cut in sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch white material with 1 yard 36-inch striped material and ⅛ yard 18-inch lining.

No. 9870—Child's Suit—Cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch material for waist and ⅜ yard 36-inch for trousers.

No. 9838—Girls' Dress—Cut in sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 32-inch material with 1¼ yards 17-inch contrasting.

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COMRADES OF PERIL

By Randall Parrish

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Continued From Last Week

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Attack on the Cabin.

There was no sound from without, except occasionally the echo of a distant voice shouting. Shelby, startled by these words, and alarmed by her agitation, swiftly crossed the room. He could see better now, his eyes becoming accustomed to the gloom, while the single ray of light streaming through the broken shutter, fell directly on the spot where the body had been previously lying on the floor. It was gone, actually gone! As he bent over, incredulous, distrusting the evidence of his own eyes, he could perceive the stain of blood in which the man had fallen, but that was all. There was no semblance of a body there. Shelby stared about into the dark shadows, almost believing he dreamed; then into the dimly revealed outlines of the girl's face.

"Judas Priest!" he said soberly. "This beats anything I ever saw. He couldn't have been killed, but I never saw him twitch a muscle after he dropped. Gone! darn if I know what to make of it. Why, where could he have gone to? There ain't but one way out from this shack, an' he sure didn't go out there."

"No, he couldn't," her voice quavering, "we would have seen him if he had."

"Seen him! of course we would. He must have revived and crawled away. You bet there ain't no mystery about it. Dead men ain't moving around, an' there ain't no angels comin' down to carry that cuss off. What's happened is, he got back strength enough to crawl. Likely he got into that back room out o' sight. Anyhow I'm going to find out what's happened. You keep an eye at that hole in the wall yonder, while I scout around a minute. If you see anything movin' in shootin' distance, just blaze away. Don't hesitate a moment."

She went forward as he told her without a word, and stared out, yet nervously turning her head about at the slightest sound. Shelby waited a moment, listening, and then stepped confidently forward across the threshold of the inner door. He had no doubt that he would discover Macklin—dead or alive, outstretched on the floor. The fellow must be there; he could have gone nowhere else. The place was as black as night; a step beyond the entrance, and he had to grope his way blindly, unable to distinguish a single object. There was something grim and ghastly in feeling about with his feet for an unseen body. Then the fellow might still be alive, even dangerous. He stopped at the disquieting thought, and spoke sharply into the gloom.

"Are you there, Macklin? Come, speak up; nobody is going to hurt you."

There was no response, no movement, no sound of a groan, no pulsing of breath. The stillness was intense, horrible. Shelby gripped himself, and began to advance slowly, guiding his passage along the wall, expecting every instant to encounter some obstacle. His groping feet touched nothing. Inch by inch he explored the floor of the room, the perspiration beginning to stand in drops on his forehead. There was no body lying there, no form of a man, either living or dead; the place was absolutely unoccupied. He could hardly believe this true; his mind refused to grasp the fact; he came back to the door dazed and unnerved. Good God! the fellow couldn't have gotten away; there was no means of escape, no opening. All nature, all reasoning told him the man must be somewhere within the cabin; any other thought was simply impossible; yet where? He had already explored every inch of surface to no result. So bewildered and dumbfounded was he before this mystery he was even startled at the girl's voice asking an eager question.

"Is he there? did you find him?"

"No; I confess I can't figure the affair out. It certainly beats my time completely. He's gone as though he had a pair of wings."

"But how could he get out?"

"That's what I say. Everything is solid; no human could vanish through these walls; there isn't a window not boarded up, and only that one door. We wasn't outside ten minutes, nor ten feet away from the step. A rat couldn't have passed without bein' seen. Blamed if it don't make me shiver, for, by thunder, however it happened, he ain't here; he ain't nowhere in this cabin. An'" he added, peering at the floor, "there ain't no trail o' blood to show that he crawled away; just that little pool what he laid in."

"Could he have gotten through the roof, or the floor?"

Shelby laughed despondently.

"Lord, I don't easily see how he could; it's fifteen feet to them rafters, an' no opening, while, judging from outside, the floor must rest plum on the ground. Who shot him anyhow? did you see?"

"Yes, I did," she explained excitedly. "I was looking that way, toward where the board was ripped off the window. I just had a glimpse of a face behind the muzzle of the gun. It was a woman; I am sure it was a woman, with black eyes. Then the smoke obscured everything, and she was gone."

"A woman with black eyes? A young woman?"

"Yes, a girl rather, and—and pretty."

"She must have been Pancha," he admitted struggling with the idea, "why, of course, that's all plain enough. She overheard what he said, and fired in mad passion."

"What do you mean? What are you talking about, this girl?"

"Sure; I told you about her; she helped me escape last night. She was crazily jealous over Macklin. He had made love to her, no doubt, and her only desire then was to get rid of you. She thought you were trying to get the fellow away from her, and the only reason she helped me was because I promised to take you away with me."

"But who is she? does she live in this place?"

"She is Mexican, and is here with her brother; a little outlaw, no doubt, knowing no law but her own passions. She must have been there when he boasted to Laud that he would leave her, and marry you. It drove her crazy, and she shot."

"I can understand that—yes," Olga burst forth, "and later she was sorry. I believe it was she who came back, and took the body away."

"I hardly see how that theory helps much. How could she take him?"

"Perhaps she may know some secret passage. There might be one underneath. It is a puncheon floor; surely it is not impossible for one block to be loosened, and a passage excavated through the earth below. I do not know, yet in what other way could the body have been removed?"

Shelby shook his head gloomily, his eyes searching the floor for any evidence, and finding none. To all appearances it appeared smooth and solid.

"I don't know," he said. "That idea may be as good as any. You might take this broken knife of mine, an' see if you can start anything. What was goin' on ou' there?"

"Nothing much that I could see. There are men hiding behind the bank of the creek; I think they are Indians, and there may be others off to the right in the weeds."

"Just a guard left there to see we don't get away. They'll wait until dark, and then try to burn us ont, I reckon; the bucks don't like my shooting. That was a rifle."

"Yes, the bullet struck the log." He crossed over, and looked out anxiously.

"I thought it might be a signal, but I guess not. Don't seem to be anything moving." He straightened up again, his eyes surveying the room. "If we only had two more in this outfit we might give those devils a run for their money. The trouble is we can defend only two sides, an' they know it—anyhow Laud does. They'll shoot away here, while the rest of the bucks come in through the woods, an' set things blazin' back yonder. I'm going to haul this bench over on that side; then you can stand up there, and shoot through that hole in the window while I pepper them from herein front. We'll make it hot while it lasts."

She watched him shift the bench, and then stood upon it to look out. The sun had gone down, and the valley swam in a purple haze. If she would utilize what little light still remained, she must search at once.

"Nothing out there?"

"I can see nothing moving. It is growing dark. Let me take the knife."

He gave it to her, and she got down upon her knees on the floor, anxiously testing the openings between the blocks with the broken blade. Shelby turned his head occasionally, barely able to distinguish her movements, yet felt little confidence in the success of the effort. Still he realized this was their last and only hope. The cabin was undoubtedly surrounded, and would be made an object of direct attack so soon as it became dark enough to permit the savage assailants to creep up closer unseen. Any attempt at escape through the one door would be suicidal; in all probability, in spite of the silence, and seeming loneliness of the scene without, a dozen rifles were even then trained on the entrance, ready to shoot them down the instant either appeared. And there was no other way out, unless it might be through some secret passage existing underground. Macklin had certainly disappeared somewhere; the vanishing of his body was no miracle, and this theory of how it might have been accomplished alone appeared reasonable. In spite of his doubts, the man held to a measure of hope; nothing else than this remained which he could cling to; their only chance lay in some such discovery. Yet the woman, groping on her knees in the deepening darkness gave no sign of encouragement. Shelby could bear the strain no longer in silence.

"There is nothing to be found?" he asked anxiously, "no appearance of a trap?"

She lifted her head, with face turned toward him.

"Nothing that I seem able to move," she answered. "I have found a block which does not appear to fit as tightly as the others; I can get the knife blade between, and it doesn't seem to touch any earth below, yet the slab is immovable."

"Let me try my strength."

He started back to join her, but at that instant there came a sudden burst of rifle fire without, bullets thudding into the cabin walls, the sound punctuated by savage yells. Shelby whirled about instantly, and dropped to his knees with eyes peering out through the opening between the logs. Olga also deserted her search, and climbed to her post of defense on the bench. The surrounding darkness enabled them to perceive little—only the flashes of flame cleaving the night, and occasionally the flitting of a dark form in the momentary glare. The firing was continuous, and rather heavy, yet the sound of the guns did not seem to indicate advance. The marksmen evidently still remained concealed beneath the protecting bank of the stream, or else skulked in the shadow of the woods. The bullets did no damage, generally finding billet in the solid logs, although a few crashed through the planking of the door. To Shelby the meaning was sufficiently plain; the real danger lay, as he expected, at the rear; all this noise was being carried on merely to attract their attention. He called across, unable to see his companion, but well aware where she was.

"Don't waste any shot until you see something within range. Those fellows out there are just plugging away blindly. They'll never rush this side. Keep your eyes wide open though. I'm going back, and try to knock off a board from that rear window. If I can get a few shots out there we'll block their little game. You hear?"

"Yes; I think one or two are crawling closer through those weeds."

"Likely enough, young bucks who can't hold back; keep your eye on them, an' let them have it, as soon as you are sure. Call out if you need me."

He groped his way as far as the inner door, helped by the almost continuous flash of the rifles outside; he had even crossed the threshold, his heart choking him as he perceived a glare of red flame, already visible here and there through narrow chinks between the logs. Perhaps he was already too late—those devils had fired the cabin, the licking flames even then beginning to eat into the dry bark. He had no time in which to act, or even think. Before he might venture another step forward, Olga fired twice rapidly, the flare of her revolver lighting up the entire interior. What followed he scarcely knew; there was a sharp cry, the crash of the overturned bench, and the sound of a body falling heavily on the floor. A revolver went spinning noisly across the room, and then all was still, and black once more.

Shelby could see nothing; only the blurred memory of that single instant had seared itself on his brain. She had been shot—his wife; this girl he had learned to love! Some stray shot from an Indian rifle, fired blindly in the dark, had found fatal passage through that broken shutter, and struck her down. His first helpless daze changed into a rage for revenge, mingled with a wild yearning that he might yet find her alive.

"Olga!" he cried out, "Olga!"

There was no answer, no movement. All was black, soundless; even the rifle fire without had ceased.

He dropped to his knees, and crept forward, feeling along the floor with outstretched hands, dreading each instant to touch her body. Suddenly his searching fingers encountered an opening in the puncheon floor.

To Be Continued.

Three-fourths of the tanning industry of Canada is centered in Ontario.

ULSTER PREMIER REFUSES TO MEET WITH EAMONN DE VALERA

Sir James Craig, the Ulster premier, has declined the invitation extended him by Eamonn De Valera, Irish Republican leader, to meet De Valera in Dublin. The invitation was contained in a letter to the Ulster premier and four other eminent Irishmen outside of De Valera's party, asking them to meet him at the Mansion House in Dublin for a conference.

The other men invited by the Republican leader were: Earl Midleton, Sir Maurice Dockrell, member of parliament for the Rathmines division of Dublin county, a Unionist of the Coalition government except as to its Irish policy of home rule; Sir Robert Henry Woods, member of parliament for Dublin university and Andrew Jameson. It was said that De Valera wished to learn from them at first hand their views on the Irish question of certain of the people they represent.

De Valera in his reply to Lloyd George's invitation for a conference with the Ulster premier and the British prime minister for an Irish settlement in which the republican leader indicated he deemed Irish unity essential to a lasting peace, said he was consulting "with such of the principal representatives of our nation as are available." And added:

"Before replying more fully to your letter I am seeking a conference with certain representatives of the political minority in this country."

In his reply to the republican leader's invitation, Sir James said:

"It is impossible for me to arrange any meeting. I have already accepted the prime minister's invitation to the London conference."

Patriotism Leads to Bigamy

Louis Domergue, French bigamist, declared he was induced to commit bigamy out of patriotism to raise the birth rate in "my beloved France." He was living a double life in towns 20 miles apart. When arrested his wives told the judge he was the "best husband ever and on their pleas he was released.

Gets Ring Back

If both parties, by mutual consent, break an engagement to marry, the man is entitled to the engagement ring, says a decision of Common Pleas Judge Lawrence of New Jersey. As a result Richard Rogers got his ring back from Mrs. Thomas Lane. The decision is probably the first in English or American law on the point, lawyers say.

TOLEDO BLADE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

D. R. Locke's (Nasby's) Newspaper

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Publishers, Toledo, Ohio.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One year, postage prepaid.....75c

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Read the Advertising

We will not, knowingly, accept advertising from a dishonest concern. Our readers are our friends and an advertisement is an introduction of the advertiser into the homes of our friends.

We will not, knowingly, introduce a dishonest advertiser into your TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE and guarantee his honesty any more than you would knowingly introduce a dishonest person to your bank and guarantee his note.

When you answer an advertisement, refer to The Weekly Blade.

THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1921.

Saving the government a million dollars a day will amount to something in 50 years.

Business may improve some when everybody quits waiting for somebody else to start something.

Herbert Hoover has discovered $200,000,000 worth of gold in this country that economists can't account for. Would you call that a yellow peril?

Lima Beane says the funny-bone is sometimes located in the head.

There are men who think the solar system ought to be tinkered with. All they lack is leadership and an organization to pass resolutions.

Lenine declares that he is not living on the fat of the land. Doctor's orders, probably.

A psychologist says a man can be what he wants to be. Then let's all be psychologists.

Kansas has been boycotted by the I. W. W. That state's streak of good luck dates back to the grasshopper exodus. Now it gets another similar boost.

The law of gravity has no influence on taxes.

If Lloyd George is coming to this country to rest he will need a few weeks training before he starts, to put him in physical condition for the ordeal.

Secretary Hughes, when he writes a state paper, puts a blight on prolonged rag-chewing.

Those old-fashioned wallpaper designs have been transferred from the paperhanger's sample books to silk stockings.

Modern girls are all right. And when they possess old-fashioned sense they are irresistible.

An old friend is coming back. The government is coining the well-known silver dollar and if it possesses the wallop it used to have will be made welcome with open arms.

Prejudice and pique are two elements that move the minority to severe criticism.

Much is said about the woman in business. In Idaho one who has had five husbands is on trial. Each of the five had his life insured.

Uncle Sam Gompers was born in England of Jewish parents. That is as near as he comes to being an Irishman.

A lot of poor noodles come out of the melting pot.

"Move in! Move in!" shouts Dr. Frank Crane. "Occupy your place in the spotlight of destiny! Worms do it, why not you?" That's good stuff, Doc. But why emulate the worm? We'd rather be a lightning bug.

With some people life is a matter of getting fat and then trying to reduce.

Postmaster General Will Hays is throwing himself open to severe criticism. He gets down to the office and goes to work at 8 o'clock in the morning.

Doing everything just right is one of the most difficult habits to acquire. It takes thought and care to roll off a log gracefully.

The honeymoon is over when the bride invites a few friends in to see her make her cave man lie down and roll over.

Villa, in a few short months, has changed from bandit to husbandman and a leader in building schools. It was said recently that the former raider and cattle thief was digging for buried treasure. The digging, it seems, has been going on in wheatfields and bean patches. If all this is true, Villa is showing Mexico how to be decent.

'Tis said the prune is the cherry's cousin. Must be about as distant as Franklin D. was to T. R.

Strange phenomena. There are men in the country who act as if the November election result was in favor of the minority.

Practice puts a lots of theories on the junkpile.

Former President Wilson expects to keep his ideals before the public. That is all right. Not much can happen to them between elections.

There is something sustaining in the fact that Admiral Sims' critics have found no vulnerable spots in his Americanism.

King Constantine is finding it difficult to finance a war. The world can't even buy a full measure of peace.

During the Wilson administration Democratic newspaper editors had to swallow so many things that choked them they are now taking full advantage of the opportunity to criticize simply as a matter of unrestrained liberty. The joy of living has come back to them.

An Austrian visitor says prohibition has improved this country. It certainly has made the city gutters cleaner.

"Blessed be the tie that binds" has no reference to the hyphen.

After an hour's deliberation a Chicago jury has put another female of the species back in the matrimonial market. She killed a man in self-defense by shooting him in the back. Rather awkward, but she may do better next time.

A Union of English-Speaking Peoples

Cecil Rhodes dreamed a dream of a union of all the English-speaking peoples of the earth.

By the terms of that imaginative conception, all North America from the Rio Grande north to the Pole, Greenland excepted, would be bound together in a brotherhood with the British islands. Within the fraternity would be the British West Indies, the Falkland islands off South America, British possessions in Africa, the rich dominions of New Zealand and Autralia with their scattered properties in the south Pacific. Conceivably India would be left out, but probably not Ceylon, Hong Kong and Singapore, priceless for their strategic usefulness. Possibly the Philippines would not be in the picture or such lands as the British domain in New Guinea.

The Rhodes' dream was not merely that of a Briton carrying the British policy of acquisition to its utmost extreme. The capital of this union was not to be in London. It was not to be Ottawa, or Sydney or Capetown, or any other British city. It was to be the American Washington. Save for the fact that the English would have put more of territory into this combination than the United States, Rhodes' vast, almost fantastic union might be spoken of as American—assuming its realization.

Rhodes is dead these many years. Yet his spirit broods over his fellowmen.

The Sims' affair brought to the attention of Americans sharply that there exists in England a well-organized society for the development of a union of the English-speaking peoples. The disciplining of Sims has uncovered the fact that in the United States there exists a half-spoken, half-formed sentiment in favor of a closer understanding with Great Britain. Just before the meeting of the imperial conference in London, whose chief business it is to decide on a course on the Anglo-Japanese treaty, President Harding issued his statement that the United States will not hold aloof from any part of the world in taking measures for the preservation of peace. The coincidence is striking when considered in relation to the imperial conference, an advance notice about which we here reprint:

"The real issue is, Shall Great Britain join with America in an English-speaking agreement to maintain world peace and sever the ties of alliances and ententes with Japan and France or shall Great Britain continue the alliances with her old associates and co-operate with France in enforcing the Versailles treaty against Germany and with Japan in maintaining peace in the Orient? Will President Harding go far enough that the British can afford to drop the Anglo-Japanese alliance after another year?"

The Washington correspondent of the London Times reports—upon what authority we do not know—that "the ultimate desire, even the deliberate plan of the Harding administration, is to bring the United States and the British empire together in a working agreement which shall be world-wide in scope."

The Rhodes' dream grows less like the fog it was.

The attitude of Japan toward the United States is too well understood to be recited here. It may not be known that on the continent of Europe the enthusiasm and affection for Americans, which reached a grand climax when President Wilson stepped upon the soil of France, have run their course. They are now as if they had never been. We are hated and disliked not simply in Germany, but intensely so in France and Italy. The feeling against us is very nearly as strong in Spain today as in the first weeks after the Spanish-American war. It has been felt in Switzerland as also in Scandinavia. It is not unknown in Poland, where least it might be expected. If this feeling develops head—as it might—we shall stand alone in the world unless the present bond of the English-speaking peoples holds stoutly. Thus circumstances tend to drive the races nearer. They may force the welding of an alliance—whether people see the welding in process or not, whether the idea is pleasing to them or raises the fur upon their backs.

The strongest voice that would now be raised against an Anglo-American understanding would be that of the follower, but not the captain, of the movement for Irish independence. For the captain is quite aware of the impracticability and undesirability, from Ireland's standpoint, of a complete severance of the ties joining Ireland and Britain. He shoots for his republic in order to obtain what he really counts upon, which is dominion government to his liking. And he grasps the fact that should a union of all the English-speaking peoples come about Ireland and America will be entwined far more tightly than they can ever be with Ireland attempting to go it bravely alone in the world, the United States strictly maintaining her isolation.

The cold logic of events moves to the support of the Rhodes' vision.

The cement of languages is no weak thing. The reunion of the Italian peoples after centuries of division was made possible only by reason of the possession of a common speech. Differences of language serve sometimes as gulfs. Charlemagne bound the France and Germany of his days into a single empire. They fell apart after Louis, the weaker son. There existed no division of race. But there was one of tongue. It was sufficient to destroy an empire that, under the circumstances, might have held and altered the whole course of history.

Quarrels, jealousies, resentments, are as ephermeral in the great world as in narrowly confined communities. The hot feelings in the northern United States which grew out of English governmental interference in behalf of the southern confederacy were nearly all gone and forgotten 10 years later. The feeling engendered today in this country by the Irish question is not likely to last many years beyond the settlement of that controversy. Particularly will it pass if leaders in Ireland, when they have achieved the government desired, find it as useful to promote friendliness for Britain as is now useful to fan the flames of hatred—a very likely thing.

Cecil Rhodes' dream naturally took the form of territorial mastery, of domination in the world and of a highly energized governmental machine. That union is never likely to be. It would probably be unfortunate if it should be. But a union of another design might well be built out of the stones of the common interests of the English-speaking peoples—their common aims and ideals—tied with the binding mortar of a common speech.

Britain and America are the two nations which most clearly have caught a vision of the co-operative possibilities of mankind. They have caught, at least dimly, the vision of a remade world. There is less of cynicism and more of idealism in their outlook on life than can be sensed in any court of continental Europe or of Asia. America will not be committed to an impractical League of Nations. The support of Britain to it is only perfunctory. The very habits of mind, the tastes and hopes and fears and aspirations of the two nations are centered together on a common destiny. Like no others, these two leaders appreciate the growing possibility of lasting peace, not just for themselves but for all the world, by the promotion of a better understanding between them, co-operation, the development of idealism in their diplomacy.

This newspaper, neither forgetful of national tradition nor thoughtless of the complexities of the problem, believes a working understanding can be reached among all the English-speaking peoples. It can foresee no difficulty in that arrangement which would not be outweighed by the advantages. It purposes to labor for the union—far glimpsed by Rhodes, timidly approached by statesmen, forming recognizably at least in the minds and hearts of everyday citizens.

Now the Tariff

With the publication of the schedules of the administration tariff bill the country may prepare itself for a swift return to the dear old days of free trade yowling and anti-tariff yammering. The Democratic press will scream about dollar diplomacy and Wall street and the interests and Democratic statesmen will dig up the free trade speeches of 1876 and 1888 and 1894 and fill the house of congress with their shoutings.

In the meantime the people of the United States will be remembering that every period of great prosperity in this last half century of the republic's history has been a period of Republican party control and protective tariff policy. They will remember that every effort at Democratic tariff tinkering has been followed by national financial depression. And particularly they will remember that the country, with the Underwood tariff bill as a garrote, was headed straight for panic days when the World war stopped the slump and brought about the abnormal conditions which continued to the war's end.

Remembering these things the people will receive the partisan preachments against the new tariff bill with bland indifference. The country has made its bet on President Harding. It elected him by an unprecedented majority because it regarded him as a sane, righteous, 100-per-cent American and a straight up and down Republican. As an American the people expect him to think first of and for Americans—American labor and agriculture and industry and commerce. And as a Republican they expect him to put into eeffct the great Republican party protective tariff principle.

Wherefore let the heathen rage. In revising the tariff upward Mr. Harding is doing precisely what the country elected him to do. And no amount of partisan opposition, invective and abuse will swerve him from the straight, forward, sound, patriotic course which he has followed since his inauguration and which he will continue to follow.

Government declaration that beer is a medicine would make an official joke of prohibition.

The ancient armor displayed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York forms one of the greatest collections of its kind in the world.

The making of boots and shoes in Canada dates from 1667 and is one of the oldest industries in the dominion.

HISTORIC SEA BATTLE BETWEEN MONITOR AND MERRIMAC DESCRIBED BY FIGHTER

THE Open Road (Boston) publishes in a recent number a letter written to his parents on March 14, 1862, by the late Commander S. Dana Greene, U. S. N., at that time a lieutenant and second in command of the Union ironclad Monitor, world famous as the "cheesebox on a raft," built by John Ericsson to destroy the equally famous Confederate ironclad Merrimac. The letter describes the Monitor's perilous trip to Hampton Roads and her historic duel there on Sunday morning, March 9, 1862, with the Merrimac—a combat which revolutionized naval warfare. His letter, hitherto unpublished, was sent to the Open Road by his son, G. deB. Greene:

U. S. Steamer Monitor, Hampton Roads, March 14, 1862.

My Dear Mother and Father:

I commence this now, but I don't know when I shall finish, as I have to write at odd moments when I can find a few minutes' rest. I confidently expected to see you the next day, as I then thought it would be impossible to finish our repairs on Thursday, but the mechanics worked all night and at 11 A. M. we started down the harbor in company with the gunboats Sachem and Currituck.

We went along very nicely and when we arrived at Governor's Island and the tug Seth Low came alongside and took us in tow. We went out past the Narrows; with a light wind from the west and very smooth water. The weather continued the same all Thursday night. I turned out at 6 o'clock on Friday morning and from that time utnil Monday at 7 P. M. I think I lived 10 good years.

About noon the wind freshened and the sea was quite rough. In the afternoon the sea was breaking over our decks at a great rate and coming in our hawse pipe forward in perfect floods, our berth deck hatch leaking in spite of all we could do, and the water came down under the tower like a waterfall. It would strike the pilot house and go over the tower in most beautiful curves. The water came through the narrow eyeholes in the pilot house with such force as to knock the helmsman completely round from the wheel.

At 4 P. M. the water had gone down our smokestack and blowers to such an extent that the blowers gave out and the engine room was filled with gas. Then, mother, occurred a scene I shall never forget. The engineers behaved like heroes, every one of them. They fought with the gas, endeavoring to get the blowers to work, until they dropped down apparently as dead as men ever were. I jumped in the engine room wtih my men as soon as I could and carried them on top of the tower to get fresh air. I was nearly suffocated with the gas myself, but got on deck after every man was out of the engine room just in time to save myself. Three firemen were in the same condition as the engineers.

Then times looked rather blue I can assure you. We had no fear as long as the engine could be kept going but when that stopped the water increased rapidly. I immediately rigged the hand pump on the berth deck, but as we were obliged to lead the hose over the tower there was not force enough in the pump to throw the water out.

Our only resources now was to bail and that was useless, as we had to pass the buckets up through the tower, which made it a very long operation. What to do now we did not know. We had done all in our power and must let things take their own course. Fortunately the wind was off shore, so we hailed the tugboat and told them to steer directly for the shore in order to get in smooth water. After five hours of hard steering we got near the land and in smooth water. At 8 P. M. we managed to get the engine to go and everything comparatively quiet again.

Saw Congress Burning.

At 4 P. M. we passed Cape Henry and heard heavy firing in the direction of Fortress Monroe. As we approached, it increased and we immediately cleared ship for action. When about half way between Fortress Monroe and Cape Henry we spoke a pilot boat. The pilot told us the Cumberland was sunk and the Congress was on fire and had surrendered to the Merrimac. We did not credit it at first, but as we approached Hampton Roads we could see the fine old Congress burning brightly and we knew it must be so. Sadly, indeed, did we feel to think those two fine old vessels had gone to their last homes with so many of their brave crews. Our hearts were very full and we vowed vengeance on the Merrimac if it should ever be our lot to fall in with her.

At 9 P. M. we anchored near the frigate Roanoke, the flagship. Captain Worden immediately went on board and received orders to proceed to New Porte News and protect the Minnesota, which had been driven aground by the Merrimac. We immediately got under way and arrived near the Minnesota at 11 P. M. I went on board in our cutter and asked her captain what his prospects were of getting off. He said he should try to get afloat at 2 A. M., when it was high water. I asked him if we could render any assistance, to which hereplied, "No." Then I told him we should do all in our power to protect him from the attacks of the Merrimac. He thanked me kindly and wished us success.

Just as I reached the Monitor again the Congress blew up, and certainly a grander sight was never seen, for it went straight to the marrow of our bones. Not a word was said, but deep did each man think and wish he was by the side of the Merrimac.

At 1 A. M., we anchored near the Minnesota. The captain and myself remained on deck waiting for the Merrimac. At 3 A. M. we thought the Minnesota was affoat and coming down on us, so we got under way as soon as possible and stood out for the channel. After backing and feeling about for an hour we found we were mistaken and anchored again. At daylight we discovered the Merrimac at anchor with several vessels under Sewall's Point. We immediately made every preparation for battle.

At 8 A. M., on Sunday the Merrimac got under way accompanied by several steamers and started direct for the Minnesota. By this time our anchor was up, the men at quarters, the guns loaded and everything ready for action. As the Merrimac came down the captain passed the word to commence firing. I triced up the port, ran the gun out and fired the first gun. Thus commenced the great battle between the Monitor and Merrimac.

Battle Begins.

Now mark the condition our men and officers were in. Since Friday morning, 48 hours before, they had no rest and very little food, as we could not conveniently cook. They had been hard at work all night, had nothing to eat for breakfast except hard bread. We were thoroughly worn out. As for myself I had not slept a wink for 57 hours and had been on my feet almost constantly. But after the first gun was fired we forgot all fatigue, hard work and everything else, and went to work fighting as hard as men ever fought.

We loaded and fired as fast as we could, I pointed and fired the guns myself. After every shot I would ask the captain the effect, and the majority of them were encouraging. The captain was in the pilot house directing the movements of the vessel. Acting Master Stodder was stationed at the wheel which turns the tower and later he was relieved by Stimmers. The speaking trumpet from the tower to the pilot house was broken so we passed the word from the captain to myself on the berth deck by Paymaster Keeler and Captain's Clerk Toffey.

Five times during the engagement we touched the Merrimac and each time I fired a gun at her and I will vouch the 168 pounds penetrated her sides. Once she tried to run us down with her iron prow, but did no damage whatever.

After fighting for two hours we hauled off for half an hour to hoist more shot into the tower. Then at it we went again as hard as we could. The shot, shell, grape, canister, musket and rifle balls flew about us in every direction, but did us no damage whatever. Our tower was struck several times, and although the noise was pretty loud it did not affect us any. Stodder and one of the men were carelessly leaning against the tower when a shot struck it exactly opposite to them and disabled them for an hour or two.

At about 11:30 the captain sent for me. I went forward, and there at the foot of the ladder of the pilot house stood as noble a man as lives. His face was perfectly black with powder and smoke and he was apparently blind. I asked him what was the matter. He said a shot had struck the pilot house exactly opposite his eyes and blinded him, and he thought the pilot house was damaged. He told me to take charge of the ship and use my own discretion. I took him to his room and laid him on the sofa and then took his position.

On examining the pilot house I found the iron hatch on top had been knocked about half way off and the second iron log from the top on the forward side was completely cracked through. We still continued firing, the tower being under the direction of Stimmers.

Between Two Fires.

We were now between two fires, the Minnesota on one side and the Merrimac on the other. The latter was rerteating to Sewell's Point and the Minnesota had struck us twice on the tower. I knew if another shot should strike our pilot house in the same place, our steering apparatus would be disabled and we would be at the mercy of the batteries on Sewell's Point. The Merrimac was retreating towards the latter place. We had strict orders to act on the defensive and protect the Minnesota; we had evidently finished the Merrimac as far as the Minnesota was concerned, moreover our pilot house was damaged and as we had orders not to follow the Merrimac up when she retreated, I took my ship back to the Minnesota and remained by her until she was afloat.

General Wood and Secretary Fox both have complimented me very highly for acting as I did and said it was the right plan to follow. This is the reason we did not sink the Merrimac, and everyone here capable of judging says we acted exactly right. The fight was over now, and we were victorious. My men and I were perfectly black with smoke and powder, all my underclothes were perfectly black and my person was in the same condition.

The Minnesota was still aground and we stood by her until she floated at about 4 P. M. She grounded again shortly and we anchored for the night. I was now both captain and first lieutenant and had not a soul to help me in the ship, as Stodder was injured.

The next morning at 8 o'clock we got under way and stood through our fleet. Cheer after cheer went up from the frigates and small craft for the glorious little Monitor, and happy indeed did we all feel.

Relieved of Command.

About 10 A. M. General Wood and Secretary Fox came on board and congratulated us upon our victory. At 8 o'clock that night Tom Selfridge came on board and took command and brought the following letter to me:

My dear Mr. Greene: Under the extraordinary circumstances of the contest of yesterday, the responsibility devolving upon me, and your extreme youth, I have suggested to Captain Marsten to send on board the Monitor as temrorary commander Lieutenant Selfridge, until the arrival of Com. Goldsborough, which will be in a few days. I appreciate your position and you must appreciate mine, and serve with the same zeal and fidelity.

Most truly, G. A. Fox.

Of course I was a little taken aback at first, but on second thought I saw it was as it should be. You must recollect the immense responsibility upon this vessel. We literally hold all the property, ashore and afloat, in these regions, as the wooden vessels are useless against the Merrimac.

Well, I believe I have about finished. Buttsy, my old roommate, was on board the Merrimac. Little did we ever think at the academy we should be firing one hundred and fifty shot at each other, but so goes the world.

This is a pretty long letter for me, for you recollect my writing abilities. With much love to you all, your affectionate son, DANA.

POLITICS—"I DON'T WANT THAT DOG'S TAIL DOCKED."

$4,000,000 MERGER IN OIL PROPERTIES IS ANNOUNCED

Announcement was made last week of a merger of oil properties in Oklahoma and Texas valued at approximately $4,000,000, by which holdings of the Oil State Petroleum Co. the Healdton Oil Co., and the Penn-Oklahoma Oil Co. are taken over by the Garfield Refining Co.

The Oklahoma property involved is in Garfield and Carter counties. John J. Garland of Pittsburgh and C. R. Sammons of Cleveland are said to be interested in the merger.

GENERAL INFORMATION

To Darn Socks—In case you can't get your socks darned remind your wife that she promised to cherish you and so had better cherish your socks, too. Place them in her sewing basket; let lie two or three months; then tear out telephone; remove literature from house; pray for an all-day rain and maybe she'll darn a pair or two because there's nothing else to do.

To Learn to Swim—Remove civilian clothes, don bathing suit and if doesn't fit throw yourself in the water. If you ever come to the surface try to swim. If you drown you won't have to do the worrying. If suit fits remain on beach where observers can admire you.

You can scatter flypaper all over the house, but you can't make the flies step on it.

UNCLE HENRY'S EPISTLES.

Letter to his brother on farm life.

Dear Bob:

I just returned home from spending my first and last day on a farm. I never spent so much of a day in my life before. I always thought a day was 24 hours long, but this particular one was a week long. I arrived in the evening just as it was getting dark, hit the feathers, lay on my right side for a few minutes wondering what I would see the next day, turned over to go to sleep and then received the information that it was time to get up. I have always been told that the sun gets up early in the morning during the Summer, but it was too slow for me that morning.

Refreshed from my long night's rest of two hours or less I dressed and accepted the invitation of my host to witness the doing of the chores. Chores are supposed to be a collection of little odd jobs, but the chores on that farm were neither odd nor little. If the work they did is called chores then a city fellow never does anything but chores all day long. After watching everybody work for several hours I discovered where milk comes from and found out that horses like to eat hay as well as sugar.

I had almost acquired a dinner appetite when we were called in for breakfast. In the city downtrodden husbands get their own breakfasts, but they could never do it in the country if they hoped to get to work before noon. We had almost everything there is to eat except grapefruit and dyspepsia tablets.

Then I went out to the fields to help them haul in hay. I worked as ballast to help hold the hay on the wagon, but the job didn't last long for I got too near the edge of the first load and regained consciousness beneath a ton or two of hay, the wagon unloading itself. Thereafter I remained on terra firma to the satisfaction of myself and the farmers.

I spent the afternoon under an apple tree or chestnut tree, I don't know which. I found out I wasn't cut out for hayfield work but fit only to hunt for eggs and run down to the cellar for the women.

After finishing a day's work in the fields the men returned and did another half-day's chores. All they do on a farm is eat and work, and the eating part is all that appeals to me. They attempted to teach me to milk a cow but when I got seated on the side of the cow that satisfied both my teachers and the bovine I couldn't find any faucet with which to turn on the milk and was forced to relinquish the task.

The next time I visit a farm it will be on Sunday about the time the fried chicken is done brown.

ABE MARTIN

Constable Plum has ordered all half-mast girls off th' street.

Miss Tawney Apple's birthday wuz t'day, an' she got a nifty ash tray, a Monte Carlo top, an' a sable knee brush an' colors.

JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Musn't Touch

Been down to the art museum an' looked at a thousand things,
The bodies of ancient mummies an' the treasures of ancient kings,
An' some of the walls were lovely, but some of the things weren't much,
But all had a rail around 'em, an' all wore a sign "don't touch."

Now maybe an art museum needs guards an' a warning sign
An' the hands of the folks should never paw over its treasures fine,
But I noticed the rooms were chilly with all the joys they hold,
An' in spite of the lovely pictures, I'd say that the place is cold.

An' somehow I got to thinkin' of many a home I know
Which is kept like an art museum, an' merely a place for show;
They haven't railed off their treasures or posted up signs or such,
But all the children know it—there's a lot that they musn't touch.

It's hands off the grand piano, keep out of the finest chair,
Stay out of the stylish parlor, don't run on the shiny stair,
You may look at the velvet curtains which hang in the stately hall,
But always and ever remember, they're not to be touched at all.

"Don't touch!" for an art museum, is proper enough, I know,
But my children's feet shall scamper wherever they want to go,
And I want no rare possessions or a joy which has cost so much,
From which I must bar the children and tell them they "mustn't touch."

(Copyright, 1921, by Edgar A. Guest.)

DRAWING THE LINE

BY WALT MASON.

OH, every mortal ailment has had its grip on me, and I've known what a pail meant when taking boneset tea. In Troy I had lumbago, in Kansas I had mumps, and here in San Diego neuralgia bumps the bumps. And when in old Nebraska my liver wasn't right, and up in Athabasca my bunions were a sight, I've traveled here and yonder, that comfort I might seize, but everywhere I wander I have some new disease. In Maine I had the shingles, in Illinois the croup, and when I wrote my jingles they were not worth a whoop. And all throughout the nation the surgeons sought my door, and said, "An operation will make you hale once more. Oh, let us carve your body—we'll do the job with care—and you'll be feeling gaudy and fit to whip a bear." And friends and neighbors told me to try the surgeon's knife, but I replied, "Behold me—I'm still as large as life! And when King Death releases my soul from this worn trunk, I shall not die in pieces—I'll perish in one chunk." The surgeons still are hewing for every known disease and o'er the land they're strewing the sawed-off heads and knees; they boost their carving riot, and oft I wonder why, for invalids who try it are pretty sure to die.

WAIT A MINUTE

BY HOWARD P. WARWICK

Uncle Henry says: "Owing to the present style of skirts I should think the little boy of today who has to be led by his mother when he walks along the street would grow up believing that human beings are 99 per cent legs."

Life's Discomforts

Trying to wipe a speck of soot off your chin that a friend informs you is there.

Short skirts haven't made any change in woman's inherent horror of mice.

VARIETIES

Spitzbergen has only four months of sunlight in a year.

A team of elephants will drag logs averaging as much as 2,500 board feet.

San Francisco has more telephones per capita than any other large city.

America makes 80 per cent of the world's automobiles.

India is one of the largest growers of wheat in the world.

Mexico's exports of crude oil amount to 600,000 barrels daily.

The first school for girls in Cincinnati was established in 1802.

The kildeer is found in every part of America.

Spain is said to have 250,000 beggars.

African Mohammedans will not touch a dead man.

Aluminum wire is cheaper than copper wire and lighter.

In many states smallpox increased 100 per cent from 1919 to 1920.

California power plants were the first to use oil fuel under boilers.

Originally, March was the first month of the year.

New York City has more than 11,000 miles of paved streets and sidewalks.

In a London bird school parrots are taught to talk with phonographs.

Bats in full flight in the dark will avoid threads stretched across their path.

Nearly 90 per cent of the soil in Bedfordshire, England, is under cultivation.

Eskimos eat the stomachs of deer with their contents, to supply the vitamines in their diet.

The duration of the longest roll of thunder that has been accurately noted was forty-five seconds.

A pine tree in New Zealand is estimated by scientists to be 1300 years old.

The tom-tom sounds far away when close at hand and near when far away.

The number of stars which have not a fixed luminosity is less than seventy.

Flamingoes are extinct everywhere except on Andros island, in the Bahamas group.

Cocoa beans are native of Mexico, but are found in all parts of the tropical world.

George II. granted the original charter to King's college, now Columbia university, New York.

The culture of tea existed in China in the fourth century and in Japan in the ninth century.

A 90-mile walk on snowshoes was accomplished by a Canadian woman last winter.

The Maoris of New Zealand, at one time canibals, now subsist mainly on potatoes.

Fifty years ago it was an uncommon thing in England for women to attend funerals.

The Philippine islands export more cocoanut oil than any other district in the world.

Excavation in Mexican ruins has revealed roads paved with huge blocks of stone.

In England the rolling chairs used by invalids and others have to carry a motor license.

Among the Brahmins the ruby is a favorite jewel as they imagine that it acts as a charm against fire.

Persia has no distilleries, breweries or saloons, and native wine is the only intoxicating beverage used.

About 350,000 tons of sugar are used in confectionery consumed in the United States in one year.

In England last year work was stopped by 1,715 trade disputes, which involved 1,930,000 workers.

The United States produced $667,204,000 worth of rubber products in 1919.

Women in Illinois have been eligible to election to all school offices since 1873.

Colorado's deposits of ores containing metals of the radium group are the largest known in the world.

The University of North Carolina was first opened to women students in 1897.

Every workman in Japan wears on his cap an inscription stating his business and his employers' name.

Turkey buzzards entirely disappeared from Galveston for a long period following the disaster of 1900.

More than 4,500 of the 7,000 employes of the United States bureau of engraving and printing are women.

Arab women churn butter by suspending a large sheepskin receptacle full of cream from a tripod, then jerking the bag to and fro.

Thirty-five years ago there were only 125 mills in Japan. Now there are more than 25,000 modern factories employing 2,000,000 workers.

The French government benefits at the rate of $50,000 a day as its share of the profits of one popular gambling casion.

In India women's and children's shoes, purses, handbags and other articles are being manufactured from lizard skins.

The postage on a letter from Australia to London is now less than that on a letter sent from London to one of its own suburbs.

The exports of American coal to Sweden last year amounted to more than 12 times as much as in the preceding year.

The Moscow fire of 350 years ago is described as the "world's record." In it 200,000 persons are supposed to have perished.

Old sailors believe ill luck will surely follow if any one even accidentally counts the number of persons on board ship.

From time immemorial peoples of the orient have been in the habit of anointing themselves for the sake of health and beauty.

The greatest zinc mine in the world, situated in Sussex county, New Jersey, has been worked almost continuously since colonial days.

Few persons who have admired the common "rose quartz" realize how very rare is the crystallized form. Only two specimens are known.

The photographic memory usually finds its best development among persons with what are called "bumpy" foreheads. They have unusual power of visual concentration.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

FISHIN' AND KITES

BY MARTHA HOLDEN.

EVER WISH you could feel like a boy—especially on a summer day when the birds are calling and your mind gets tired of thinking and you would give anything to be in that blissful state of utter peace and contentment?

Maybe Aunt Martha is partial to small boys, but she knows one with whom she plays a game which he calls "The Magic Wand." All you have to do is to grasp the wand in your right hand—close your eyes—wave it three times and wish. Then you can be anything or do anything just by standing still and thinking about it. It has wonderful power. Try it—see how it works—like a charm! If your back aches from harvesting or your spirit is tired, or housework is palling, we will be so glad if you will use our "Magic Wand." Aunt Martha has just wished herself into being a whistling boy—come on and see how rosy the world looks, for "us boys" know the secret.

We will saunter down a quiet lane until we catch a glimpse of blue water sparkling in the sun, our noses hungrily sniffing the fresh woodsy air, our eyes rested by the green shadows of the leaves that wave softly as they pass the breeze from bough to bough. We find the very spot we were looking for as easily as though guided by our guardian angel, and we take our time—nothing to hurry for—nothing to worry over—nothing that we have to think about for we are carefree and satisfied, healthy and happy real boys pushing our toes down into the dirt with eager enjoyment, feeling instinctively the earth's strength as we cast our lines in reverence. Fate herself would be interested by our indifference if we were not her special favorites. Does it rest you to think about it? Anybody would think that the world was made for boys the way we appropriate it, basking in lazy ease while plumbing the depths of the watery home of the fish and seeing though that extreme is not enough we suddenly decide to fly a kite high in the sky and thereby work off some of this energy we have been storing away while resting. We race madly over a grassy old meadow up at a tiny speck of the flying jauntily at the other end of a tightly grasped string. Ask us why we love it and we cannot put it into words. Maybe we love it because our spirit soars, the kite represents to us fulfilment of our desire to grow—to get up into the air—see things. We love it because we defy the wind as we play the exhilarating game of boyish strength versus breezy element. Wind blows—kite pulls, but small hands control the string. Wind is playful for he loves small boys. He teases us, he slaps our kite and yanks at the string and finally just to show who's who, he tangles the string 'round the limb of a tall tree or blows the kite away. Reverence of the power of unseen things grows in our hearts though we are wholly unconscious of such a transition.

People who do not know about the "Magic Wand" won't be flying imaginary kites with us—they will grind along in the sameness of everyday life without these refreshing flights into restful moods. Trouble, like the wind with the kite, may get the best of them, but not of us, because we can always make new kites and fly them again. They can go on climbing their monotonous stairway day after day, seeing only the step above them. Dreariness may be essential to their future happiness, but we scorn that dull repetition and wish ourselves to the top step where we can find the vistas broader and heaven closer.

Folks enjoy being lazy, that is, if they have earned repose, but often they are obliged to undergo a mental housecleaning before they can clear their minds of tiresome thoughts which have to be refreshed and returned as curtains and rugs from their houses, they have to eliminate grudges and irritations which have collected like dust through the busy days before they can sweep away the vagueness which has entangled their brains like a cobweb.

Lazy fishing, the kind we do when we wave the wand, is a godsend to tired nerves. Cares can be cast off as we wait for the nibble of a consoling thought or the gleam of a big idea—a real catch. Thoughts can be strung along and saved for future use, that is, good thoughts, for what we think will reflect on our character as surely as the clouds are reflected on the water.

And our magic kite flying will not only be restful, but an inspiration to us, helping us to "look up and not down," and while we emulate the boys we will find how necessary relaxation is and how much better we feel after playing this game.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

There is a glory in tree and blossom,
A trill in the wild bird's tone,
A balm in the summer breezes,
That Love revealeth alone.
—Benjamin S. Parker.

COUNTRY SCENES.

Dear Aunt Martha and Cousins: Your suggestion to have a "Blade Tour" meets with my approval and I cheerfully respond to your request and will send the best word picture I can of this section of the Buckeye state. A tour to each nature lover's home will create a feeling of respect and spirit of fraternity which nothing else will and help to spread the message of friendship and good will among the cousins from home to home, and I am sure each one who sends a descriptive letter of his home surroundings will find his pride of home growing stronger and love it with more fervor and devotion. We find if we once get interested in the study of the beauties of nature that we live in a land "beautiful to look upon." Especially to those who live in the rural districts, as many of The Blade cousins do. Rural occupation leads one forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty. Every farm house in this section is a picture. The eye is continually delighted by landscapes of captivating loveliness, and one surrounded by all these beauties cannot help but have the sweet home feeling that settled repose of contentment that is after all the parent of purest enjoyment. In the early morning, as I look from my window to the East over the velvety smooth clipped lawn, the early sunlight turns the dewdrop into sparkles and billowy waves of green stretch far away to the East. And as I look to the South and West, there is spread out to my vision a picture which for pastoral beauty cannot be surpassed. It is beyond power of expression. This section of our state is gently undulating; a golden mien between the vast stretches of level lands of western Ohio and the more rugged hills of the southern counties. From the window of my room I can see miles and miles to the West and Southwest—a picture of which one never grows tired. The green hills, at the foot of which nestle neat white farm homes, with tasteful gardens and shrubbery, verdant valleys, billowy fields of ripening grain, golden in the brilliant sunlight, herds of cattle cropping the luxuriant vegetation of rich valleys, or standing placidly in a pool of water supplied by some spring from some solitary glen where we find ferns and wild flowers of every tint and hue and ladening the air with the sweetest of perfume. And beyond all this unbroken grandeur, we see the grand old forests stretching far away, meeting the horizon many miles in the distance. Here we find all that is most genial, enchanting and enobling; an inspiration to the purest and most excellent in life. Adieu and good wishes to you all.—Buckeye Rambler.

LANDSCAPE DESCRIPTIONS PLEASE.

I have written a letter which I would thank you very much if you would publish. I just stopped to congratulate Arthur McIntosh and thank him for the beautiful description of the Grand Canyon. It certainly must be a grand country for picturesque scenery. It sure is interesting to climb to the top of a mountain peak and gaze far down into the vast chasms and fissures below. It is a sight one will never forget. Although I never visited the Rockies I live in the foothills of the Allegheneys and have some idea of the vastness of the Rockies from books I have read. I think the printing press is one of the most useful things even invented for without it one would never hear about the beautiful handiwork of God. I think one cannot find a better topic to write about than the scenery of your own state or country. It is surely far easier to find beautiful scenery than beautiful ideals. I would like to be a friend of all my new found cousins.—A Blade Booster.

"B. AND G." OR "M. G. R."

Would you give room to a housewife for a few minutes? As I have been reading the interesting letters of the Peace Page I thought I would try to write one, as I never did before. Well I will tell you a little about myself. I was raised in Va. and married a Va. boy. I am 17 years old, will be 18 Oct. 28, and have been married one year and one month. I like married life fine as my hubbie and I don't have any fights or fusses and he is a great deal older than I am—he is 31. He is a rural mail carrier and I stay at home and raise chickens and do lots of needle work. I am fond of crocheting and needle work, but I don't like to read anything except The Blade and letters from known and unknown friends, so if any of you Blade readers would like to exchange crocheting patterns I would be most pleased to do so. While some of you boys and girls are close to Aunt Martha why not snatch her picture and put it in The Blade so everyone could see her lovely smiles—I will say lovely anyway for if they were not she could not write such nice pieces for us girls and boys to read. I call myself a girl even though I am married. Do you friends think that is all right? I will come again.—Brown Eyes of Tenn.

Snatches From W. B.

It is a shame for old Mr. W. B. to gobble up so many good letters, so we are going to fool him and try to save a few precious bits before they are completely gone.

Havie I a twin? I was 16 the 8th of February.—Pete of Pa.

Uncle A. of W. Va., I think you are right about decorating now.—A Girl from W. Va.

Don't you think every girl ought to go to school—Tenn. Dearie.

Pa. Young Bachelor come out of your hidin place, the iris won't eat you up. Dixie Moonbeam, where have you one? Shamrock, I sure do like you.—Michael of W. Va.

I would like to hear from the boys and iris from Mont., Idaho and Wyo.—Etta Plumadore.

Hello Bud, wish I could et an introduction to you.—One-alone.

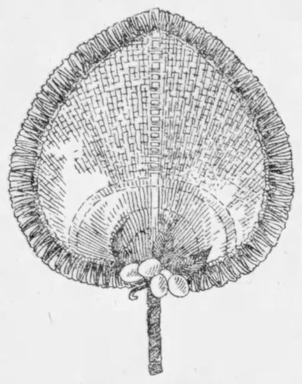
Kin Philip, your letter was fine. Come again.—Strawberry.

Old Jigger come again. I am 14 years old. Please do not give me a seat beside B. B. because I am a tom-boy.

I have 9 playmates—but not the kind you think—5 cats and 4 ducks. I live with my grandparents in Tenn. Love the hills and love to go to school.—Blue Bell.

Bachelor Billy, Keystone Bachelor, Johnny Funnyman, Arthur McIntosh come again. Please do.—A Smile from Tenn.

Art in the Home



Fans for the Porch.

Do get out your old piece bag and see if you can find in the ghostly reminders of parties long since past, a piece of a silk frock—lavender or green, rose or blue, about four inches wide and two yards long. Turn edges in one-fourth of an inch; shir evenly leaving one-eighth inch heading; fold over the edge of a palm leaf fan, pull gathers tight and secure silk to fan with long blind stitches; wrap the handle in a ribbon or silk to match and fasten at the top of the handle a bunch of artificial flowers or fruit which may be a bit of trimming off an old hat and will be the very touch that will give character. Several of these fans lying about the tables and chairs of the porch will give an air of luxury with practically no expense.

Short and Sweet

More space! Isn't it glorious? Even if only a margin "an inch is as good as a mile" and we can do wonders with it. And just see how we look—twic as big! Three cheers for our managing editor! Do tell us how you like it.

Page Mr. Hoote!

"Bid" of Ohio guesses "boy" and wants to know if she hit the nail on the head. She also begs us to squeeze in more letters from King Philip as she certainly did enjoy the "funny letter" he wrote about falling through the ceiling. Another "Bid" from W. Va. guesses a "jolly boy" as she wants "most awfully" to get one of those pictures and she also asks the familiar question "Have I a twin?" for she had the delicious thrill of being "Sweet 16" on the 28th of June and Farmer Gal of Ohio guesses "boy" too. And then after we have paged Mr. Hoote along comes a letter from Martha I. Cox of Galion, Ohio, announcing the exciting news that she is Hoote's twin—19 on July 25th, same color eyes and hair, weighs the same, lacks two inches of being same height and she says "he's a girl." Now what are we going to do? Hoote, how long before you close this contest? Your twin hopes she has added a new friend to her circle and another picture to her album. She is a niece of James M. Cox and she lives in Marion county, the boyhood home of President Harding. Hoote, you and your "twin sister" ought to be happy to have found each other and in time for your birthday too.

Speaking of pictures, Jene Archer suggests an interesting pastime for the summer—exchanging snap shots—as she is one of those kodak enthusiasts. It is a good idea to think about and if it is not too big for us to attempt, it would be great sport to have an album to keep our vacation pictures in. Aunt Martha wishes you could all see the pictures which one of our good Merry-Go-Rounders "Buckeye Rambler" sent us in her "trip" letter which is published in this issue. They look "good enough to eat." Cousin Jene has a beautiful flower garden, too, of which we hope to get a glimpse, and she likes to milk the cows and to do housework and her hobbies are music and reading.

And speaking of reading as a hobby, here is a mysterious cousin whose nom-de-plume is "M. P. H." and whose hobby is perfectly charming—guess what?—reading our own Boys' and Girls' letters! Aunt Martha knows what a fine old hobby that is 'cause she loves it too.

Fred Sleath, you villain! Is this true that you have found your ideal and have gone to housekeeping without allowing us to congratulate you? We are too happy for words to have news of your wedding—now do be a dear and write us all about it. Little Arrow, a thousand thanks for whispering this delightful secret.

How many have heard the song "Overalls"? Ohio Sunshine asks. She thinks it is great, also was glad to see the poem "Where the West Begins." Ohio Sunshine refuses to look on the dark side of things, but we know why, don't we? When sunshine finds the dark side of things, there isn't any dark anymore.

A visit to grandmother's—a hunt for all the old Blades which have been thrown away and a good old visit with the cousins—and a wish that he could live in the country where they have plenty of horses and cows and lots of chickens. Blue Eyes of Ill. is a town boy and works in his father's garage and teaches people to run cars. Maybe he will take us all for a spin if we stop at his garage on our trip.

You never could guess all the places we are going this summer—the letters really desrve much commendation for besides being funny, they are so graphic and individual and cordial that we honestly feel as though we had "been there" and our big family gets better acquainted all the time.

Australia has hundreds of thousands of acres of virgin forests.

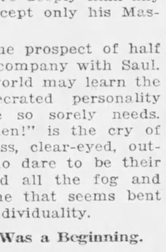
The United States is now making for its laboratories 800 rare chemicals which were formerly imported entirely from Germany.

A Man Who Was Not Neutral

The International Sunday School Lesson for July 10 Is "Saul The Pharisee" — Acts 7:54; 8:3, 4; 26:4, 5, 9, 10.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

THIS IS a tale of two men who believed tremendously the opposite sides of the most vital issues of their day. Neither was a neutral; in fact, the Bible is a poor book in which to seek support for neutrality. From its "Curse ye Meroz" (the community who tried to play spectators when they should have been in the thick of the fighting), to its Laodiceans of the Revelation, whom God said He would spew out of His mouth, because they were neither hot nor cold, the Scripture is a book which extols men of conviction. The drab and colorless Christians, who cultivate only the passive virtues, and who are afraid to disagree with anybody, must get their faith from a different source from that whence sprang the Stephens and Sauls and the Apostles, saints and martyrs. Bible Christianity makes rock-characters and not jelly-souls.



William T. Ellis

Our story centers about Saul, whose biography is to engage the attention of the many millions of Sunday school members for the next six months. After a series of lessons upon The Social Teachings of the Bible, we now have a course in the life of a man—one of the rugged, red-blooded, stout-hearted, great-brained, high-souled heroes of all history, a man who has impressed the centuries more deeply than any other person, except only his Master.

We exult in the prospect of half a year spent in company with Saul. From him the world may learn the lesson of consecrated personality which our time so sorely needs. "God give us men!" is the cry of the hour—fearless, clear-eyed, outspoken men, who dare to be their best selves, amid all the fog and clamor of a time that seems bent upon effacing individuality.

An End That Was a Beginning.

Our hero emerged at a colorful moment—the stoning of Stephen, the first Christian martyr. Saul was a leader of the mob that lynched the brave disciple of Jesus, who died with his eye upon his Lord, and with the very words of his magnanimous Master upon his lips. Stephen's faith evoked the fury of his foes, who straightway built a stony path to glory for him. Saul, as a wealthy and aristocratic young Pharisee, did not actually throw the deadly stones, but he kept the coats of those who did.

Saint Stephen's end was Saint Saul's beginning. Learned commentators trace Saul's name back to his illustrious fellow Benjaminite, King Saul; but that is trifling; he had three names, anyway, after the fashion of a Roman citizen, and is best known by the Roman name of Paul, which apparently also described his diminutive stature. Saul was the spiritual successor of Stephen. Heroism begets heroism. The martyr did not die that day; he only began his greater life, personally in heaven, and representatively in the transformed character of his bitter enemy from Tarsus, so soon to become Christianity's greatest champion.

Our noble dead are not dead: the youth who fell in France, for example, came not to their end, but to their beginning. Their torch and task are to be carried on by hands which at the moment may seem blind to the meaning of their sacrifice. Every Stephen is succeeded by a Saul. All who die gloriously accomplish more in their death than in their life. The level of a nation is fixed by its heroes and martyrs, not by its money-changers and its self-seekers.

Too Discreet to Be a Hero!

A modern novel centers about a young reformer, competent and self-conscious, who refused to rescue an imperiled cripple from an approaching automobile, because he felt that his own life meant more to society than the life of a beggar.

His fiance gave intellectual assent to his reasoning and to his defense—but she cast him off, because her instinct told her truly that the man had failed in the essential quality which makes manhood glorious. He had been selfish when he should have been sacrificial. He had spurned a chance to risk his life, after the fashion of the men whose names history has written highest. In his self-engrossment he had failed to respond to the instinct which tells every normal man that the highest possible use of life is to fling it out uncalculatingly in the service of need.

A dead hero is mightier forever than a live coward. The Stephens of history are immortally great; their death gives ceaseless voice to the best of their life. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church;" and it is an inescapable call to the best powers of the noblest survivors.

Fitted for the Finest.

Somehow, this appearance of the brilliant young Jew of Tarsus upon the page of history links up in our thought with the multitude of graduates whom the schools have in the past month "sent out into the world." The demagogue may disparage training, and extol the merits of the unskilled; but thoughtful persons know that the best work in the world is done by those best prepared.

Saul was a product of both home and school. He had mastered a trade, like the other Jewish young men of his day, but he had also received the best preparation that his world could give. Tarsus and Jerusalem had schooled him, and his cosmopolitan experiences as a traveled Roman citizen had polished him. He did not enter upon his life work unfit or handicapped. He took to the struggle personality, plus preparation. He had been made ready, in the providence of God, for the finest work ever done by mortal.

It is not more than a coincidence that just now, with countless problems facing us, like grinning sphinxes, whichever way we turn, the institutions of higher learning are being crowded beyond capacity with young men and women preparing for this unprecedented emergency? Is there some new Saul of Tarsus in training for the great tasks of tomorrow, which call for all the skill that education can produce? Certainly there is an unwonted responsibility attached to the privilege of being a student today.

Saul from the first stood for something. He was no neutral; no colorless, characterless "book in breeches." He had learning, added to individuality. From his first appearance, we find him ever himself, virile, unafraid, outstanding. Whatever he was, he always was, with his whole might. He was either out-and-out against Christ and His followers, or else he was out-and-out for them.

The Waxen Majority.

A few evenings ago I heard a professor, who was for the last time addressing the graduating class of his college, liken them to three objects which he produced—a white rose, a miracle of fragrance and beauty and ministry; a jack-knife, cutting and hacking its way through life in ruthless selfishness, and a lump of wax, taking the impression of the last hand that touched it. With startling candor he added, "Most of you, I fear, are like the wax: you will not mould conditions, but conditions will mould you."

Saul was no bit of wax: he was a force, an instrument, an individuality. He perfectly illustrated the often-forgotten truth that before we can give anything else to God or the world, we must first of all give it a personality. If we are not ourselves we are nothing. All who look squarely at life know that existence is an endless struggle to save our own souls—our true selves—from the social tendency to conform us to the common and conventional mould.

A Stir-up Stick.

Saul was a stick to stir up the early church. What a boon it would be if real persecution could come to our own smug and prosperous and complacent congregations! As Xantippe, according to an ingenious modern theory, simulated shrewishness in order to incite Socrates into activity, so it would be well if all our preachers had more real critics and fewer empty compliments; and if organized Christianity had to face persistent, penetrating judgment by a censorious world, which is doing a real hurt by its indifference. Saul served the church even as a persecutor; and, equally unrealized at the time, the church served Saul; for without this conflict and his consequent conversion, he might have become a mere doctrinaire rabbi, or a "safe" and sleek member of the Sanhedrin.

Saul was a somebody from the first. Even a cipher, on the right side of a numeral, amounts to something; and a digit of value amounts to far more. So, when aligned with Christ, the character of Saul became one of the best possessions of the race. Strength is made stronger, grace is made gentler, wisdom is made wiser, when it is linked with Him whose other name is Life. Saul, the Pharisee, could not escape the Jesus Whom he persecuted; the strong and the Stronger inevitably came together. The allegiance of this splendid young man, so vigorous in the service of whatever truth he knew, was deemed by Christ a prize worthy of His own reappearance from the seclusion of the heavenly mansions.

When youth unites with Jesus then not only is youth made safe, but unmeasured good is laid up in store for the nation and for the world. It was worth while for Stephen to die in order to lead Saul to the Savior.

Mixing With Martha

Salads.

To vary the simple dinner salad, try using the delicate, crisp romaine leaves with French dressing.

A cool dish of green things is "Emerald Salad," most delightful on a hot day—lettuce, endive, green beans, peas, cucumbers and thin circles of green peppers.

For a picturesque and surprising effect try fashioning "Candlestick Salad." On a leaf of lettuce place a slice of pineapple, in the center of which is placed perpendicularly a banana; on the tip-top put a strawberry to look like a flame with a bit of citron of cocoanut for a wick.

Why Does Kite Rise?

A kite rises in the air by the force of the wind which strikes obliquely upon its under surface. The string is attached to the "belly-band" in such a manner that it is nearer the top than the bottom of the band; this causes the bottom of the kite when its surface is met by the wind to recede in the direction of the wind; the top is accordingly thrown forward and the kite is made to lie obliquely on the current of air moving against it. The kite then being drawn in one direction by the string and pressed by the air in another direction moves in a line which describes a medium between the two forces acting upon it.

Our Correspondents

"Towser Shan't Be Tied Tonight" has already been published in the Weekly Blade but if one of you would send a copy of that poem to Mrs. H. S. Atkins, Lee Baptist Institute, Bennington Gap, Va., Box 216, she will greatly appreciate it.

One of our readers writes that if we are able to get the poems for her which we have already asked for, that we will earn her debt of gratitude as she has been unable to find them in her scrapbook or files of the Blade' Peace Page which latter dates back some five years, and she would like very much to include them in her archaeologists collection of "relics." She says she thinks the rallying cry of some of the confirmed habitues of the corner should be "Aunt Martha to the rescue!" It is good of her to say that but Aunt Martha could not get along at all without the splendid co-operation of all her helpers.

Miss Tressa Myers has sent us the book she told us about for our "library." It is full of those choice poems that our readers are so frequently requesting. We wish to thank her heartily for her kindness. And our good friend, Mr. E. Whitcomb, sends us another book containing a poem which we are so happy to have as several have asked for it, so we will soon be able to "treat" the Poets' Corner.

We want to know of an ink eradicator for Miss Margery Sherman, Lime City, Ohio, for she has spilled a small spot of ink on her new white gabardine skirt and it failed to come out after having been soaked a half hour in milk.

Mrs. Charles F. Harris of Vermont writes us the following note: Will you ask for the poem which begins—"Pussy cat went for an airing one day, Espied a turtle over the way. She said to herself, perhaps that creature, Some evil intends to me or my kittens" The moral is most excellent. It appeared in 1888, and should be resurrected and published for its merits. I enjoy all the old time poems in the Blade and hope to see this one.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Nothing in the world was ever built without a dream at the beginning.—The Shadow of Victory.

Cherries Are Ripe.

May I have the pleasure of riding with you in the wonderful "Dream Ship?" If I may will you please stop in our dear old Badger state and I will show you some of the beautiful scenery there. We surely had a lovely ride with Aunt Martha last week and I hope you'll all enjoy this one. But where will we start? Right here in Door county, I think. Do you see all of the cherry orchards? I am sure you all agree with me that Door county may be proud of them. They are just beautiful in the Spring when they are covered with snowy blossoms and how appetizing the ripe, red fruit looks that takes the place of the blossoms later on in the summer. You just can't imagine the glorious times we have picking cherries, though, but I do wish you could come and try it for a day and see for yourself. Now let's look at some of the beautiful farms in Wisconsin, the lovely up-to-date houses, the beautiful big barns and silos, the large herds of all kinds of cattle, for this is quite a dairy country around here too. Then we see the large fields of corn waving in the summer breeze, also those lovely fields of grain that look so nice at harvest time. Now look at those wild roses, ferns and daisies growing along the highways. Then there is the sumac and various kinds of weeds that blossom in the Fall and make Wisconsin's highways look like flower gardens and so they are, but it is no human hand that planted them there. There are also trees of various kinds and it is just lovely in some places where the white stone roads wind in and out among these green trees. Now we will look at the wonderful scenes at sunrise and at sunset. In the eastern part of Door county the people see the sun rise out of the waters of Lake Michigan and go down behind a wall of green forests. In the western part they see it rise from behind the wall of green forests and sink from sight into the waters of Green bay. Both at sunrise and at sunset the sky is painted all diffreent colors and it is just lovely to watch it for we know it is the hand of the Great Artist that is painting it like that. Now I am sure you are all hungry after such a long journey and if you want to we'll stop at Dad's cherry orchard of 1,000 trees and see who can eat the most cherries and, yes, if you'll come to the house I am sure mother will treat each one to a piece of her delicious cherry pies. If you cannot get enough cherries here we will go to the co-operative (cherry orhard near Sturgeon Bay, whih is said to be the largest sour cherry orchard in the world. There are between six and seven hundred cherry trees in that orchard, so I am sure you ought to get all of the cherries you want to eat there. Now that you have all been so kind as to let me show you all of these places I think I will let some one else steer the ship now although there are numerous other places which are very interesting that I could show you, but like Aunt Martha I will have to leave them for next time.

—YOUR BADGER FRIEND.

Recognize "Rime Stringer?"

Mr. W. B., if you'll agree to move yourself a bit, and make a little room for me, that space I'll try to fit. Judith of West Virginia, your suggestion is quite good. Homemaking is a grand old art when it is understood. Windy Boy, I like you, your ideal and your aim. I only hope your whole life through, such choices you can claim. Badger, Sunday baseball, I'll agree, is not a thing to tolerate. The Sabbath, of course, should be a day to rest and recreate. But such games and sports and tussels on Sunday after dinner, to relax your cramped up muscles will not make of you a sinner. We mountain Ohio folks regard it as our most happy day, and while we keep it holy we don't idle it away. We gather in from miles around to Sunday school each morning; with happy smiles we all are found the old brown church adorning. To all the neighbors there we speak, and they return the greeting, and tell how they have spent the week since last me had a meeting. For the afternoons we oft arrange at some homes to get together. From the week of toil a welcome change, this we find in Summer weather. The older folks their cares erase and happy days recall; we boys and girls play prisoner's base or a lively game of ball. Underneath the oak trees' shades all join the sport so merry, even bachelor men and maids are carefree children—very. More appropriate ways to spend the day may come into your mind, but a better neighborhood than ours I'll challenge you to find. Ruth, of Salem, U. S. A., how we all envy you! What can Mother Nature say against this charge so true?—That she showers some with beauty and all favors she can strew and then she shirks her duty and makes the rest of us look blue. I shall not describe my eyes and curls—the attempt I would not dare; some of you timid boys and girls I do not want to scare. I've been several times among you, and my age is twenty-two; I often change my nom-de-plume, as others of you do. I agree with Country Jake in all that he wrote down. Folks should not their farms forsake for pleasures in the town. Dixie Moonbeam, "little fairy," you are clear and true and bright; reading your remarks so airy, we're enchanted in your light. King Philip, Spanish monarch, when shall we take that trip? The rest of us are ready, our clothes are in the grip. Waste Basket for this space you made, you're a perfect old humdinger. Now once more we'll places trade. Your friend the great Rime Stringer.

Cards and Letters

These boys and girls would enjoy exchanging cards and letters: Grace Pyle, Gaynelle Schentle, Gwendolyn Butler, all of Beaver, Ohio; Mary E. Johnson, Hazen, Pa., Jefferson county; Martha Gayley and Doretha Boyer, both of Richardsville, Pa., Jefferson county; Zelma Lindemuth of Brookville, Pa., R. D. No. 6, Jefferson county; Dorothy True, Blanche True, both of Chillicothe, Ohio, R. F. D. 5; Helen Barnes, Chillicothe, Ohio, R. F. D. 6; Jennie Kackley, Pleasant City, Ohio, R. 1; Julia Doerr of Whittemore, Mich., R. 1; Clara and Bettie Walker of Henry, Va., R. F. D. 3; Mabel Matter, 107 East Fourth street, Oil City, Pa.; also Ella Smedley of the same address; Edward Moore, Pekin, Ind., R. R. 4; Leona Blach of South Valley, Otsego, county, N. Y., Box 47; Fannie E. Chace of Columbia Cross Roads, R. D. 2; Pauline Stevens of Pittsford, Mich., R. F. D. 2; Beulah Briggs of Osseo, Mich.; Helen D. Johnson of Athens, Me.; Fern A. Dennis, of Skowhegan, Me., R. F. D. 7; Florence N. Johnson of Athens, Me.; Hannah and Alice Prestin of New Carlisle, nId., R. R. 3, Box 33; Violet Graves of New Carlisle, Ind., R. R. 3, Box 37; L. C. Randall of Georgetown, Ind., R. 3, Box 9; Anna Bell of Owensville, Ind.; Phoebe Hughes of Leivasy, W. Va.; Grace Pyle of Beaver, Ohio; Pearl Nicholas and Jocelyn Violante McCray of Revere, W. Va.; Hattie Wilson of Ansel, Ky.; Helen J. Irvine of Velber, Ky.; Dewit Elliott and Edgar Wall, both of Argyle, Ky.; Rhuben Grur, Lundy Davis, Matty Rupard, all of Grayson, N. C.; Ruth Kelby of Grayson, N. C.; John and Henry Bowman, both of Wirtz, Va., R. 1; Hubert Rutledge and Aubrey Self, both of Martinsville; Ida Dillman, Conneaut,

The POETS' CORNER

The House by the Side of the Road

By Sam Walter Foss.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content,
There are souls like stars that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament,
There are pioneer souls that blaze a path
Where highways never ran;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men that are good, the men that are bad—
As good and as bad as I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road—
By the side of the highway of life—
The men that press on with the ardor of hope,
And the men that are faint with the strife;
And I turn not away from their smiles and their tears—
Both part of an Infinite plan—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
That the road stretches on through
And mountains of wearisome height;
the long afternoon,
And passes away in the night.
Yet still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with strangers that moan,
And live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man that lives alone.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by:
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish: so am I—
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend of man.

Song of the Spinning Wheel

By John Francis Waller.

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother sitting,
Is crooning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting.
"Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."
"'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping;"
"Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing;"
"'Tis the sound, mother, dear, of the summer wind, dying."

CHORUS.

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly and lightly and airly ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window? I wonder."
"'Tis the little birds chirping, the holly-bush under;"
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
And singing all wrong that old song of "The Coolun?"
There's a form at the casement—the form of her true love—
And he whispers, with face bent: "I'm waiting for you, love;
Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly;
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shinning brightly."

CHORUS.

The maid shakes her head, on her lips lays her fingers;
Steals up from her seat—longs to go, and yet lingers;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.
Lazily, easily swings now the wheel round;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her lover;
Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings;
Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

The Nameless Dead

By Tom Hood.

(From London Belgravia Magazine)

Why do you wail, O Wind? why do you sigh, O Sea?
Is it remorse for ships gone down, with this pitiless shore on the lea?
Moan, moan, moan
In the desolate night and alone!
Ah, what is the tale
You would fain unveil
In your wild, weird cries to me?

A gleam of white on the shore!—
'tis not the white of foam,
Nor wandering sea-bird's glimmering wing, for at night no sea-birds roam.
'Tis one of the drowned—drowned
Of the hapless homeward bound.
Last night, in the dark,
There perished a bark
On the bar; and 'twas bound for home!

A woman's cold white corpse—a woman so young and fair!
See, the cruel storm has entwined with weeds the wealth of her weltering hair;
And the little, the little hand,
Lies listless and limp on the sand.
They had bound her fast
To a wreck of a mast;
But the wild waves would not spare!

Look, how they bound and leap—cast themselves far o'er the shore,
Striving to seize on their stranded prey, and carry it off once more!
Or is it remorse or dread,
Or a longing to bury its dead,
That makes the surge,
On the ocean verge
So incessantly howl and roar?

Where do they list for her step? Where do they look for her face?
Where are they waiting to see her once more in the old familiar place?
Dead, dead, dead!
In vain will their tears be shed;
For not one of them all,
Alas, will fall
On that bosom's marble grace!

Why do you sigh, O Sea? Why do you wail, O Wind?
Why do you murmur, in mournful tune, like things with a human mind?
Wail, wail, wail,
Articulate ocean and gale!
For the loveliness rare,
So pallid and fair,
You slew in your fury blind!

Let us bear her away to a grave in the churchyard's calm green breast,
Where the sound of the wind and waves in strife may never her peace molest,
Though we cannot carve her name,
She will slumber all the same;
And the wild roses' bloom
Shall cover her tomb,
And she shall have perfect rest!

ABLE TO DO HER WORK

After Long Suffering Mrs. Siefert Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Pottsville, Pa.—"I suffered with female trouble for four or five years and was very irregular. I was not fit to do my work at times and took medicine from a doctor and got no benefit. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the newspapers and took it and got all right. I gained twenty pounds or more and am now able to do my work. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and you may use these facts as a testimonial."—Mrs. SALLIE SIEFERT, 813 W. Fourth Street, Pottsville, Pa.

The everyday life of many housewives is a continual struggle with weakness and pain. There is nothing more wearing than the ceaseless round of household duties and they become doubly hard when some female trouble makes every bone and muscle ache, and nerves all on edge.

If you are one of these women do not suffer for four or five years as Mrs. Siefert did, but profit by her experience and be restored to health.

RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

FARM BUREAU DAY— The Tiller and Toiler

Toiler and tiller have a day's outing coming to them. Other folks take a day off. Why should not those who toil and till from sun to sun?

We have received a number of invitations to attend farm bureau picnics. We have accepted a few. We have addressed a few this season. They have been well attended.

It is a good picture to look at to see the folks of a county getting acquainted. This visiting part is often more valuable than is the speaking program.

The farmer as a whole is learning a lesson. Many have been hit by low prices for crops and livestock. He knows that it is his and her business to study conditions that govern markets.

At these picnics we find a different line of talk going on in the little groups that assemble, than the talk we used to hear three or four years ago.

These farmers have their heads in the game more than they used to have as to their markets and their co-operation with each other. They are gradually discovering that they will benefit if they work and market together, than if they try, each one by himself, to work out their problems.

When farm folks work together it is all the more necessary for them to make sure they are going in the right direction. If they co-operate and make a mistake, they all suffer. Leadership of the safety-first kind is the thing they most need.

Farm leaders must be wary of the plots and plans of the boss in politics. The weakness today of some of the big labor unions is that some of their leaders let the political boss whisper into their ears. This same boss will offer bait and try to lure the farm folk leaders to play their political game and betray the farmer cause.

Plenty of visiting and not too much program will make folks say you have a good picnic for the farm bureau. Sing the right kind of songs. Have Old Glory on the job. Have plenty of pure water for drinking. Have a system of parking automobiles. Put as much business method in managing a picnic as you would into any other enterprise. Farmers have the talent to do those things and it will be an earmark that the farm bureau has leadership.

WAGES OF THE WORLD— Uncle Sam Is Good Pay

One way to appreciate the country we live in, is to know existing conditions elsewhere. To know what is going on in other countries, may cause us to return thanks to God for letting us live in the U. S. A.

Rural Welfare has just received from the ways and means committee of the house of representatives, at Washington, an official report on the wages paid to labor in different countries throughout the world. It is interesting. Our Blade readers ought to ask their congressman to send a copy.

In 1917, for farm labor, per month, the average in the United States was $46.89 with board. In Germany $6.25. In France $28.56. In England $32.76. In Italy $9.73. In Japan $2.48.

These figures show that Uncle Sam pays higher wages than are paid in any other country. This is more dollars and better board than the workingman of any other country receives.

The nearest approach to our wage levels is England. The next is France. It is queer that many of our trouble makers come from countries in Europe ,where wages are almost nothing, per day, and as soon as they arrive in America and make more in a week than they made at home in a month, they want to carry the red flag and destroy our government.

In shop and factory there is a big difference in wages paid as well as the above big difference of farm wages. We quote from the wages paid in different countries in woolen mills. The usual work week is 48 hours. In former years the work hours were longer.

In United States the weekly wage in woolen mills in 1907, for 58 hours, $16.51. In 1913, for 55 hours' $15.42. In 1920, for 48 hours, $41.90. This is a big increase over the wages paid in 1907 for 10 hours more work a week.

In Belgium, 48 hours per week, February, 1921, $10.64. No figures are given for Belgium for former years.

In England, in 1913, for 54 hours per week, $9.18. In 1920, for 48 hours, $18.87.

In France the wages vary from 10 to 18 cents per hour.

In Germany, for 1914, for 9 hours work per day, men 95 cents, women 87 cents. For 1919, for 8 hours per day, 38 cents for men and 34 cents for women. In Germany labor prices went down instead of upward during the war period.

In Austria for 48 hours per week, only 75 cents.

In Belgium, per week, no hours given, for men, $5.50. For woman, $4.67. For workers under 18 years old, $3.73 per week.

The American farmer produces more per farmer than any farmer of any other country of the world. The American farmer does not produce as much per acre as the farmers of many other countries produce. The American farmer thinks he must do business rather on the wholesale plan.

Farm workers in Spain average 90 cents per day pay. In China just enough is paid for the "coolie" to live on, about 12 to 25 cents per day.

There is no dispute about the American labor man having much greater advantages over every other country. They have more of the comforts and conveniences of life than are found in any other country by the laboring classes.

The American laboring man can have his children educated at public expense and at very little, if any, cost to himself. He can give his family the benefits of church associations at whatever cost to himself he chooses to pay. Yes, the U. S. A. is a mighty good place in which to live and a mighty good place to stand four square in protecting and safe-guarding against the enemies of good government and life's blessings.

THE LIVE WIRE— Danger and Death

In one week Rural Welfare editor had attention called to three deaths of persons. In each case the cause of death was a live wire.

One man whom we well knew and had in days gone by worked in the fields with, was cutting weeds with a scythe, along the road side. In front of him was an old rusty wire. He took hold of it to get it out of the way.

This old rusty wire had fallen from a telephone pole on which electric light wires taking current into the country to farmers. This old rusty wire was an innocent looking thing, but death lurked in it.

This man was found dead still holding the wire which had burned one of his fingers off. When found he was flat on his back. There is danger, or likely to be, in any old wire. The use of electricity has become so common that no one can tell when and where danger does lurk.

Parents should closely caution children. Teachers should instruct pupils. Newspapers should continue to warn folks of the deadly danger that may be in any old wire. Also they should be warned as to taking hold of a person who has been electrocuted. If the current is still on, those who attempt to rescue the victim may also be killed.

Rubber, glass or dry wood are non-conductors of electric current, and should be used in handling any wires that are charged with electric current, and should be used in handling any wires that are charged with current. The death toll from live wires is growing at an alarming rate every year.

Make it a rule that every wire you see is a live wire and govern yourself accordingly. Tell your friends you saw it in The Blade.

THE BREEDERS' PICNIC— Is a Booster Event

The farmer who has invested in pure bred livestock ought to have enough enterprise to boost that particular breed of livestock into a front seat.

We have had invitations to attend three different breeders' picnics. These breeders get a lot of newspaper advertising free of charge. The newspapers are glad to announce and boost for the picnic. The whole town and country talk about the affair.

Such affairs boost the breed and boost the folk who are back of the breed. Such affairs also create a desire in more people to own and have pure bred livestock on the farm.

These breeders' picnics can take in a county, a state or several states. It is the best investment the breeder can make. Just now the price of pure bred livestock needs a lot of boosting by those who have a lot of money in the game. The pure bred will come back.

PURE BRED SIRES— Will They Pay Profit

We have a letter from a county agent asking whether we think the campaign of the farm bureau for pure bred sires will pay and wear in the long run. One answer is that scrub and plug live stock animals seldom pay.

France and other countries across the sea have made pure bred sires pay. We, in the United States have done the paying when we imported the Percheron-Norman and Belgian horses from Europe and the Clydesdale from the British Isles. We did the paying when we imported the pure bred sire of our sheep flocks and cattle herds.

Talk is cheap. Action is necessary to promote this campaign for pure bred sires in America. Would we not feel more like we were farmers of we were exporting pure bred sires instead of importing them? Help your county agent along with this cause.

DO CHURCHES PAY— Power to Do Good

Among the hills and dales of southeastern Ohio, nestles a little town of 500 folks. It is a way station on a little old narrow gauge railway that corkscrews around the hills and now and then through a tunnel.

This town has good schools and good teachers. The reason for these two facts is this, there are a lot of good fathers and mothers who are deeply interested in this school and these teachers, 365 days in the year.

The town has churches that are not empty all day on Sunday. Boys and girls belong to church. In too many communities this is not the case. The town and the country are on good terms which is of great advantage to both.

Rural Welfare Editor gave the class address at the commencement of the high school. Eleven graduates. Three from town. Eight from the country. Six boys. Five girls. Average was 18.

The home high school orchestra gave the music. The church was splendidly decorated for the commencement program. Flowers and flags and class colors. The church was large. It was filled to capacity. The admission charge was 30 and 40 cents. Several requests for tickets were turned down. No more room.

Somebody had planned wisely and well. So far as we could see there was no friction or confusion. The program was like clock work. The details had been all worked out before we got off the narrow guage train.

Rural Welfare has attended many commencements and taken the measure of many graduating classes. We were surprised and pleased at the splendid performance of this class. Every boy and girl had poise and self reliance and self confidence. Every voice was clear and strong enough for every person in the church and around the windows on the outside to hear. W. J. Bryan, the past master of public address, had nothing on these young folks.

Each graduate had a well chosen part of the program. Each and every one pleased the big audience and received vigorous applause for his or her effort.

There was lacking every sign of show off or the smart aleck pose. Folks present were made to feel as the program went on that money had not been wasted in giving this class an education.

After the regular program, the junior class gave a banquet in the basement of the church to the seniors, their parents and to the teachers and a few visitors. There was good spirit in the whole affair. A young man who had quit school and gone to war told us that he intended to come back next year and finish school to please his widow mother with whom he lived on the farm.

We learned that several of these graduates intended to attend a summer normal term of school. They were not content just to graduate. They had gotten a real desire for an aducation and intended to have it. Two of the boys in this class, lived six miles away from the school and walked the distance twice each day to and from the school, a distance of 12 miles. Such boys know what they are going to school for.

Half of this class intend to teach school. Our advice to them was to always "honor thy father, thy mother and thy teacher," by doing something worth while that the old folks would be proud of them. To be good for something as well as to be good.

We watched this program with a lot of interest. We wondered why this class seem to excel in many ways the classes we had seen elsewhere. After the program was over we learned that every one of these graduates was a member of the church.

Was this the great secret? Was this the reason that every member of that class seemed endowed with reserved power? Think.

A CATTLE SALE— Low Selling Prices

The results of a cattle sale have just been brought to our attention. A big crowd was present. Good auctioneers were on the job. Plenty of advertising and boosting had been done to boost this sale of pure-bred cattle.

The cattle offered for sale were just as good as the cattle sold a year ago at the same place. One year ago the average sale price at this same place for the same kind of cattle was $900 per head. This time the average sale price was $380.

The farmer has been deflated. Last year he got too much for his pure-bred stock. This year he did not get enough. One farmer who is a successful breeder said to Rural Welfare that he knew this was not a good time to have a cattle sale, but like other breeders, he had to have money to meet certain obligations which he and they had incurred a year ago.

No doubt this same thing is true in many communities. But low prices at this time should not discourage and drive good breeders out of the business. The day has come when all real farmers will want and demand good livestock and the pure-bred animal will be profitable in the future. Don't give up the ship now. Stay in the game and play your cards a little more carefully in the future and you will win in the long run.

WHY SPEND MOST— When Income Is Least?

"Why should we be paying the highest taxes and spending the most money right now, when crop prices and wages are going down? Looks like we ought to slow down on our expense account."

This question was asked by a hard-fisted farmer at a county farm bureau meeting in June, 1921. Who can answer his question? Who does not agree with him?

In a state farm bureau bulletin, mailed to Rural Welfare editor, we find the following printed statement, which would indicate that it is time to reduce taxes and expenses.

Here it is:

The net income of a group of which careful accounts have been kept, shows a decrease of 40 per cent for 1920 as compared with 1919.

This was not due to any let-up in the efforts of these farmers or any decrease in their efficiency. All their crops except wheat showed increases in yield of from 10 to 40 per cent. With wheat there was only a slight decrease. The facts were, he says, that conditions outside the farmer's control were responsible for the decrease in income. They produced their crops with costs at their peak and sold on a rapidly falling market. An analysis of their figures for the years 1919 and 1920 shows that their farm expenses increased by 13 per cent in 1920 over the level of 1919, while receipts decreased 16 per cent in spite of the increase in yields noted above.

With normal crops the farmer who has reduced his inventories to the present level of prices, as was done with the farms considered above, should be on a firmer basis and with better prospects for 1921 than in 1920. It is extremely improbable that farm receipts can fall much lower, while expenses in many essentials are already considerably reduced, he says.

WEEDING OUT GAME— Sorting Sheep and Goats

"During the war we had to pay any old price for any thing we had to hire done. The employer was at the mercy of the hired helper. Today, the tables have turned. We have two or three persons for one job. We can sort them over and take our choice. The day of weeding out has come. We have a chance to run our own business once more."

This statement was made to Rural Welfare editor by a doctor-farmer man, whom we met on the train. He also said that education and real qualification were counting for something once more. As the employers of help were laying off hired helpers and reducing working force and expenses, it was noticeable that those who were best qualified were the last to be out of a job.

Education pays. It is a good investment. Service is the one great thing that the world wants. It is what the big and little business man wants. Education along with a willingness to work and common sense makes a person, young or old, black or white, in demand. No parent should be content to raise a child without giving to it the advantage of a common school education and the habit of working at something worth while between meals.

GET IN BIG GAME— City Grain Elevators

Organized farmers propose to tackle a big job. They will buy or control city or terminal elevators. They will try to play the whole market game from start to finish. Will they win?

If they cut out the middleman, will bread be cheaper? Will the big smart fellows put pebbles in their lawn mower? Will railroads give them a square deal in transportation and car service?

Last year some co-operative grain elevators lost money because they could not get cars to ship their grain. Was this accident or was it design? Did some smart fellow have a way of controlling car service when the grain elevator needed it?

The farmer is going to need every cent he can get for his harvest this year. If he can control terminal markets and big storage plants he may be able to cope with foes who want to see failure to organized farm movement. The way to get there quick is to go slow.

BIG PAY SALARY— How Much Can Man Earn?

How much salary can a man earn? If some man has the brain to make millionaires out of stockholders of some of our big corporations, how much should that man be paid for making millionaires?

Sometimes we hear of a man getting a salary of $10,000 a year. To many folks this sum, as wages for one person, would have been deemed extravagance 25 years ago. Today in the business world and in commercial and financial dealings, $10,000 is a sum that would be laughed at.

Railways have been accused of paying too big salaries to the office holders and not enough to the section men. As a rule the biggest paid railway officials are the cheapest men on the road in comparison to the real service they render to the road.

The man who could come on the scene at the present time and so operate a railroad at one-half the freight rates we are now forced to pay, that man would be worth a million dollars a year salary and more.

Big business buys brains. It will pay any price to purchase the kind of brain power that will make sure dividends in business. The U. S. government hires senators and congressme at $7,500 per year, while the big corporation will pay 10 to 20 times $7,500 per year for brains. We wonder sometimes whether Uncle Sam is a good business man, and whether we are paying a penalty by not paying bigger salaries for our nation's business managers.

WHERE TO WRITE— Cheap Farm Loans

Rural Welfare editor gets many letters asking for information about the federal farm loan system and the federal land banks. We are one of the directors in the federal land bank at Louisville and can answer most of the questions received. The better way for our readers to do is to write direct to Walter Howell, president of federal land bank at Louisville, Kentucky.

If you live outside of District No. 4, which is Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Tennessee, you should write direct to the present of the land bank in the city where this bank is located in your district.

Hundreds of farmers are wanting to know where they can get money on a long time loan at low rate of interest without any big charges or commissions to some middleman or loan agent. The federal land bank is the place for him to apply if he wants the money to help him in his farming or to improve his buildings.

Congress is responding to the needs of the farmer and these banks will try to help all farmers who apply and comply with the rules of the bank. Do not be afraid to write. Just ask for full information and how to take steps to get a loan if you need money for your farm. Do it now.

THE LATEST MARKETS

Wheat prices dropped seven cents last week compared to previous quotations. Butter held firm, while eggs were up a cent and bacon was marked lower.

Grain

Wheat, cash, $1.29; July, $1.26¾; Sept., $1.24¾; Dec., $1.27. Corn, cash, 63½c. Oats, cash, 38c. Barley, cash, 61c. Rye, No. 2, cash, $1.20. Cloverseed cash, $13.00; Oct., $11.30; Dec., $11.05; Feb., $11.20; March, $11.10. Alsike, August, $11.25; Oct., $11.25. Timothy, cash, 1918, $2.95; 1919, $3.00; 1920, $3.05; Sept., $3.35; Oct., $3.25.

Chicago—Wheat, July, $1.24½; Sept., $1.23¾. Corn, July, 60¾c; Sept., 61¾c; Dec., 60¾c. Oats, July, 35⅛c; Sept., 37⅞c; Dec., 40¾c. Barley, July, 61c; Sept., 61c. Rye July, $1.20; Sept., $1.09½.

Produce

TOLEDO—Butter—Fancy Elgin, creamery, 1-lb. prints, 37c; solid pack, 36c; nut margarine, 21c.

Cheese—Fancy brick, 20c; limburger, New York, 2-lb. bricks, 25c; Wisconsin, 1-lb., 31c; domestic, 32c; new Michigan, 19@20c; longhorn, 19@20c.

Eggs—Candled, 30c; selects, 34c.

Bacon—Fat, 16c; lean, 25½c; wide, 6 to 8 lbs., 22½c; 9 to 10 lbs., 21½c; 11 to 12 lbs., 18½c; 13 to 15 lbs., 15½c. Hams, 29c. Lard, 9c. Sausage—Bologna, 16c; frankfurters, 19c; fresh pork, 15c; luncheon, 17c.

Live poultry—Ducks, 28@30c; turkeys, 38@40c; geese, 18@20c; chickens, 24@25c; old roosters, 13@15c; broilers, 30@40c.

Hides—No. 1, 4c; No. 2, 3c; bull, 2c; green calf, No. 1, 13c; No. 2, 11½c; kip, 7c; No. 2 kip, 5½c cured hides, No. 1, 5c; No. 2, 4c; horse hides, $1.50; sheep pelts, 30c.

Cleveland — Butter — Extras, in tubs, 41½@42c; prints, 42½@43c; extra firsts, 40½@41c; firsts, 31½@40c; seconds, 21½@22c; fancy dairy, 20½@21½c; packing stock, 13½@18c. Eggs—fresh gathered, northern extras, 31½c; extra firsts, 30½c; Ohio firsts, new cases, 28c; old cases, 28c; western firsts, new cases, 27c. Oleomargarine—Pound prints, nut oleo, 20@21c; high grade animal oleo, 23@23½c; lower grades, 18c. Cheese—York state, new stock, 18@19c; brick, 18½@19c; limburger, fancy, 30c; Swiss, 35@36c and up. Poultry—Live, heavy fowls, 20@30c; roosters, 15@16c; broilers 35@45c; live spring ducks, 30@35c. Potatoes—Ohio and New York round white, $1.40@1.75 a 100-lb. sack; northern No. 1, $2.75@4.00 a bbl. of 105 lbs., $2.25 a 100-lb. sack.

Chicago—Butter unchanged. Eggs unchanged; receipts, 19,976 cases. Potatoes firm; receipts, 32 cars; Virginias, $4.00 a bbl.; Carolinas, $3.20 a bbl.; northern whites, 50c cwt. Poultry, alive, unsettled and lower; fowls and broilers, 25@28c.

New York—Butter steady; receipts, 13,947; creamery, higher than extras, 36@36½c; creamery, extras (92 score), 35½c; creamery, firsts (88 to 91 score), 33@35c; packing stock, current make, No. 2, 22c. Eggs, firm; receipts, 17,527; fresh gathered, extra firsts, 31½@33c; do., firsts, 29@31c; state, Penn. and nearby western hennery, white, firsts to extras, 34@42c; do., browns, extras, 36@37c; do., gathered browns and mixed colors, firsts to extras, 29@35c. Cheese, firm; receipts, 3,756; state, whole milk, flats, fresh, specials, 16¼@17c; do., average run, 15¼@15¾c; state, whole milk, twins, specials, 16@16¾c; do., average run, 15@15½c. Live poultry, weak; broilers, 30@50c; fowls, 28c; roosters, 15c; dressed poultry steady and unchanged.

Live Stock

Cleveland — Hogs — Receipts, 2,000; lower; heavies, $8.25; yorkers, $9.50; pigs, $9.50. Sheep, $6.50; lambs, $11.00. Calves, $10.00; cattle, $8.50.

Pittsburgh—Hogs — Receipts, 1,500; higher; heavies, $9.00@9.10; heavy yorkers, light yorkers and pigs, $9.65@9.75. Sheep and lambs —Receipts, 500; steady; top sheep, $5.50; top lambs, $10.50. Calves—Receipts, 50; top, $10.25.

East Buffalo — Cattle—Receipts, 700; steady. Calves—Receipts, 100; 25c higher; $5.00@10.50. Hogs—Receipts, 800; 25@50c higher; heavy mixed and yorkers, $10.00@10.25; light do. and pigs, $10.00; roughs, $7.50@7.75; stags, $4.50@6.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 400; active; lambs, $5.00@10.50; few, $11.50; yearlings, $3.50@8.00; wethers, $5.50@6.00; ewes, $1.00@5.00; mixed sheep, $5.00@5.50.

Kansas City, Mo.—(United States Bureau of Markets)—Cattle—Receipts, 50; for week: Beef steers mostly 25c to 40c lower; bulk fat she-stock barely steady; better grade heifers, steady to 25c higher; canners, stockers and feeders steady to strong; bulls and calves steady. Hogs—Receipts, 400; active; choice 200-lb. hogs to packers, $7.90. Sheep—No receipts; for week: Sheep 50@75c lower; lambs, $1.75@2.00 lower.

East St. Louis—(U. S. Bureau of Markets)—Cattle—Receipts, 1,500; steers, steady to strong; quality common; $7.25 paid for part loads; $5.75 paid for 1,170-lb. average; other classes slow; cows and bulls about steady; early veal calf top, $7.50; bulk, $6.75@7.00. Hogs—Receipts, 8,000; active, 5@15c higher; top, $9.00; bulk lights and medium weights, $8.85@9.00; no heavies here; packer sows and pigs steady. Sheep—Receipts, 2,100; fairly active; steady; no choice fresh lambs sold; holdover going at $8.00 top; bulk, $6.00@8.00; culls, mostly $3.00; ewes, unchanged at $2.50@4.00.

Chicago—(United States Bureau of Markets) — Cattle — Receipts, 500; compared with a week ago: common grassy steers steady; choice yearlings and handyweights, 15c to 25c higher; fat she-stock mostly steady; better grades 10c to 15c higher; canners and cutters, mostly 25c lower; bulls, 15c to 25c higher; calves, 50c lower; stockers and feeders, dull, 15c to 25c lower. Hogs—Receipts, 4,000; market active and steady to 15c higher, largely 10c to 15c higher; better grades up most; close strong, good clearance; top, $9.40; part load, $9.45; bulk, $8.60@9.30; pigs, 15@25c higher; bulk desirable pigs, $8.65@8.75. Sheep—Receipts, 1,000; compared with week ago lambs and yearlings mostly $1.00@1.50 lower; sheep about steady.

PATRIOTIC CORN

Northwestern University Prof. Turns Out Red, White and Blue Roasting Ears.

After three years of experiment, Professor William L. Woodburn of Northwestern university has produced an ear of corn containing red, white and blue kernels, he announced.

Professor Woodburn asserted he soon would be able to perfect his corn so that the rows of kernels would show solid bars of red, white and blue. The colored corn was produced by crossing red and white ears to make blue ears and then grafting the three varieties.

NEWS FOR VETERANS

Marshal Foch and Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig will attend the national convention of the American Legion at Kansas City, Oct. 31-Nov. 2.

This announcement was made by Albert E. Hutchings, chairman of the convention committee.

The word concerning Marshal Foch came from national headquarters of the legion. In a telegram to Hutchings, Lemuel Bolles, national adjutant, stated he had received official notice of Marshal Foch's acceptance of the legion's invitation.

According to word from Commander Solbert of the legion post in London, Field Marshal Haig will be accompanied by his wife, his secretary and a military attache.

Maj. Gen. Milton J. Foreman, commander of the Illinois National Guard and past department commander of the American Legion, is recovering rapidly from the injuries received in the automobile accident near Indianapolis in which Col. F. W. Galbraith, Jr., was killed. Gen. Foreman has returned to his home in Chicago.

Thousands of former bucks will hail with delight the verdict of the jury in the circuit court at Norfolk, Va., in the case of former Capt. R. B. Fink, Jr., vs. former Private Samuel Berman for $10,000 damages. The jury found for the defendant.

The suit grew out of a severe drubbing given Fink by Berman. According to Finks testimony his jaw and mouth were so swollen he had to eat soft-boiled eggs and milk for several days.

The fight resulted from mistreatment of Berman by Fink in the army. According to Berman's testimony, Fink, while a captain in the Q. M. C. at Camp Lee, Va., discriminated against him and had him thrown in the brig. He testified he had to dig a latrine ditch while Capt. Fink stood by and laughed and sneered in his face.

Last December the two men met again, both back in civvies. Fink took a crack at his erstwhile captain, who retaliated. The ex-captain didn't stick around long, however, according to the testimony, but took to his heels. Shortly afterward he filed suit against Berman for $10,000.

When Maj. Gen. Peyton C. March gave up the office of chief of staff on July 1 he went on a four months' leave and on Nov. 1 will retire from the active list.

In announcing the prospective retirement of Gen. March, Secretary of War Weeks made public a letter he had written the general in which he expressed regret that he had decided to retire and especially complimenting him on his success in directing the transportation of troops to Europe during the World war. It is understood Gen. March plans to travel in Europe and to write on military subjects.

Gen. March went to France in 1917 and was made chief of artillery for the A. E. F. He remained abroad until March, 1918, when he was recalled to this country and named chief of staff. He has been in the army 37 years.

The constitutionality of the New York state bonus was upheld by the appellate division, third department. The case now goes to the court of appeals for final determination.

Record time was made by the appellate division in disposing of the case. The decision was handed down three hours after argument began. The court, which sat in special term at the request of Gov. Miller, did not submit an opinion but merely issued a pro forma decision directing the Westchester National bank of Peekskill to carry out its contract with the state comptroller for the purchase of $25,900 worth of the funds. This decision was concurred in by all the members of the court.

The following resolution of tribute to National Commander Galbraith, offered by J. R. McQuigg, department commander of Ohio, was adopted by the national executive committee of the American Legion:

"This meeting of the national executive committee of the American Legion finds the chair of the commander vacant. The soldier and the man is gone, but his zealous soul impels us to lead on in honest enterprise for comrade and for country, to practice his ideals and to translate them into fruitful action.

"In recognition of his leadership and in reverence for his memory, we write this feeble record out of the abundance of our love that the world may know how much we respect his life and service and that his loved ones may understand that he was also near and dear to us.

"Our chiefest tribute to him is the firm resolve to carry on the work which he left unfinished."

French Invite U. S. Tourists to Help Protest Gouging

The effect of the high cost of living in Paris upon tourist trade, as indicated by the growing frequency of complaints of extortion by Americans visiting France, is occupying the attention of the French government. The authorities hold that the tourists have the cure largely in their own hands, exaggerated prices being due in large part to indiscriminate spending by visitors, aided by the spendthrift tendency of French profiteers.

It is admitted that abuses practiced in amusement resorts, where meals, dancing and wine are provided have their effect upon prices in general but how to correct that evil without discouraging the most profitable trade is a question.

Under Secretary of State Palsant, discussing the question with Americans, proposes publicity as a remedy. He has invited American visitors to join in a protest which will be published in the Paris press, and he also will take up personally individual cases of extortion brought to his attention.

The most frequent causes of complaint are charges for lodgings in hotels and apartments. Mr. Palsant told the Americans he had decided to ask hotels to publish their rates in the papers. This remedy would not, however, affect apartments, which are the subject of profiteering on a scale hitherto unknown.

There are very few unfurnished apartments to let, real estate agencies say; as fast as vacated by tenants they are transformed into furnished apartments and either let at rentals of from 300 to 1000 percent higher than the average before the war for furnished apartments of the same class, or rented at an increase of 200 to 300 percent above the average for unfurnished apartments with the proviso that the tenant buy the furniture at excessive figures.

Questions and Answers

Rule 1—Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. This department will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm not tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine or Biblican interpretations; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions.

Zane Grey

I would like to have you publish an account of the life of Zane Grey, the author.—L. M. H., Plainville, Kan.

Zane Grey, the author, was born in Zanesville, Ohio, on Jan. 31, 1875. Lewis M. Grey was his father. Young Grey was educated in the Zanesville high school and received the degree of M. D. S. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1896. He married Lina Elise Roth of New York on Nov. 21, 1905. He practiced in New York from 1898 to 1904 and then began his literary career. Grey is the author of Betty Zane, The Spirit of the Border, The Last Trail, The Last of the Plainsmen, The Short-Stop, The Heritage of the Desert, The Young Forester, The Young Pitcher, Riders of the Purple Sage, Desert Gold, Light of the Western Stars, The Lone Star Ranger, Rainbow Trail, Heart of the Desert.

Wireless Telegraphy

I would like to have you please give an explanation of wireless telegraphy and its origin.—M. M. G., Mabel, N. C.

There are now six distinct methods known by which messages may be sent between stations without metallic connections. These are: 1—By induction, in which the current raised to a high degree of intensity is enabled to leap, as it were, from one wire to another. In Edison's plan of telegraphing from moving trains, the current is transmitted by induction. 2—By conduction, in which the earth is employed as the conductor of the message. 3—Mr. Tesla's invention which utilizes the earth, supplementing the apparatus producing the current with a conductor running up a pole for a short distance and terminating in a flat metal plate. 4—Another method which has been used in Europe and is called the ultra-violet rays sent out from an electric arc light at the sending station constitute the medium whereby at the receiving station sparks are set free, restoring the current in an interrupted circuit. 5.—Still another method employs either the visible light rays emitted from a searchlight or their accompanying invisible heat rays, it being still uncertain which ray is actually the medium of communication. This method is the basis of Professor Bell's photophone and the radiophone of Professor Hayes. 6.—Finally, there is the Hertz wave method, which is the one successfully operated by Marconi.

In 1888, Dr. Hertz of Carlsbad, Germany, discovered that when an impulsive charge is passing through a conductor, ether waves are radiated in all directions in the space surrounding the conductor, and that these waves are in all respects similar to those of light, except that they are much longer. These waves move with the same velocity of those of light, and have the same power of reflection and rafraction, etc., as are possessed by waves of light. In the Marconi method of wireless telegraphy, by means of a Ruhmkorff induction coil, a stream of sparks is produced at a gap in an electric circuit, where these Hertzian waves are emitted in all directions sidewise from the gap. By means of one of the sensitive devices known to electricians, these waves can be picked up, even at long distances from the transmitter. Marconi made the essential points of this method known in 1897, but it was not until March 29, 1899, that his success in sending messages across the English channel, a distance of 32 miles, called the attention of the world to the possibilities of wireless telegraphy.

William T. Ellis

Please print in this department a brief biography of William T. Ellis.—J. B. S., Manshon, Wis.

William Thomas Ellis was born in Allegheny, Pa., Oct. 25, 1873. He had a public school education. He was on the staff of Philadelphia dailies until 1894; editor of the International Christian Endeavor organ from 1894 to 1897; editor of Forward, a Presbyterian weekly from 1897 to 1902; on editorial staff of the Philadelphia Press from 1903 to 1908. He was one of the founders of the Presbyterian Brotherhood; took active part in Philadelphia municipal reform movement in 1905, and toured the world investigating social, religious and political conditions for syndicate of American newspapers from 1906-1907-1910-1911. He has lectured and addressed conventions, especially of churchmen in all parts of the country, and has been a writer of syndicate Sunday school lessons since 1897.

HOW IRON STARVATION OF THE BLOOD RUINS A WOMAN'S HEALTH

AND MAY MAKE HER WRINKLED, AGED AND CAREWORN, GIVING HER FACE A PALE, HAGGARD, SICKLY APPEARANCE.

For want of iron you may practically be an old woman at from 30 to 35, weak, downhearted and "all dagged out." You may be in such a highly nervous irritable state that you "go all to pieces" on the slightest provocation, while at 50 or 60 with good health and plenty of iron in your blood, you may still be young in feeling and so attractive and full of life as to defy detection of your real age.

It's not always the youngest woman that is most sought after—there is an indescribably alluring fascination in the rosy cheek, the inviting lips and sparkling eyes of a blood filled with iron. You may be afflicted with iron starvation of the blood and not know it, just as thousands of other women are.

It is said that about one person in three in America today suffers more or less from malnutrition—lack of nourishment, which is caused not by lack of food, but in many cases, by lack of sufficient iron in the blood to enable you to get the strength and nourishment out of your food.

Indoor life, over-eating and modern methods of cookery are sapping the iron from the blood of hundreds of thousands of women. Our forefathers, to whom history refers as a nation of red blooded Americans, ate the husks of grains and the skins and peels of vegetables and other coarse foods rich in strength giving organic iron, which the modern woman does not get.

To make up for the great loss of iron caused by the life woman is compelled to lead she should eat more such iron-containing vegetables and fruits as spinach and baked apples and take organic iron like Nuxated Iron from time to time to help enrich her blood and revitalize her wornout, exhausted nerves.

Nuxated Iron represents organic iron in such a highly condensed form that one dose of it is estimated to be approximately equivalent (in organic iron content) to eating half a quart of spinach, one quart of green vegetables or half a dozen apples. It's like taking extract of beef instead of eating pounds of meat.

Over 4,000,000 people annually are using Nuxated Iron. It will not injure the teeth nor disturb the stomach. It often increases the bodily and mental vigor, strength and endurance of weak, nervous, "run-down" folks in two weeks' time. Your money will be refunded by the manufacturers if you do not obtain satisfactory results. Beware of substitutes. Nuxated Iron comes in tablets only—never in liquid form. Always look for the word "Nuxated" on every package and the letters N. I. on every tablet. Sold by all druggists.

Here's why CAMELS are *the quality cigarette*

BECAUSE we put the utmost quality into this one brand. Camels are as good as it's possible for skill, money and lifelong knowledge of fine tobaccos to make a cigarette.

Nothing is too good for Camels. And bear this in mind! Everything is done to make Camels the best cigarette it's possible to buy. Nothing is done simply for show.

Take the Camel package for instance. It's the most perfect packing science can devise to protect cigarettes and keep them fresh. Heavy paper—secure foil wrapping—revenue stamp to seal the fold and make the package air-tight. But there's nothing flashy about it. You'll find no extra wrappers. No frills or furbelows.

Such things do not improve the smoke any more than premiums or coupons. And remember—you must pay their extra cost or get lowered quality.

If you want the smoothest, mellowest, mildest cigarette you can imagine—and one entirely free from cigaretty aftertaste,

It's Camels for you.

Camel

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

NOT YET TIME FOR DISARMING

President Harding Keenly Aware of Delicate Conditions of Jap Affairs.

Individuals and newspapers advocating an international disarmament agreement are intimating that various mysterious influences are hindering President Harding from negotiating with other governments on this subject.

Some of them accuse the President of lacking good faith when he declared that at an opportune time he would begin such negotiations.

Others assert that he has succumbed to the paralyzing influence of the army and navy "clique" at Washington and has been converted to the idea that disarmament in any degree is neither safe nor practicable.

The President is keenly aware of these criticisms. But they do not disturb him. With information concerning world conditions and confidential reports on the policies and programs of other nations unavailable to the general public he is convinced that this is not the opportune time for the proposed discussions. He believes that he is in a position to know when that time has arrived and that until conditions are favorable it would be both foolish and futile to start on this momentous undertaking.

Though the President has not indicated publicly his reasons for believing the present is an inopportune time some of them are plain enough to Republican leaders of congress a few of whom he has taken into his confidence.

Uppermost in the President's mind without doubt is the question of the Anglo-Japanese alliance.

Alliance Status Touchy.

That the alliance will be renewed in some form is taken for granted. Austin Chamberlain and other spokesmen for the British government have recently declared publicly that it would contain nothing committing Great Britain to aid Japan in any way in the event of hostilities between the United States and Japan.

President Harding, however, is willing to take no chances in so vital a matter. He and Secretary of State Hughes are watchfully waiting to learn exactly what the terms of the new treaty are before starting a movement designed to diminish the effectiveness of the military and naval defenses of the United States.

Only through informal interviews and speeches has this government been advised as to the attitude toward the United States which Great Britain will assume in renewing its alliance with Japan. Absolutely nothing in the way of an official, responsible statement has been received from London and no attempt has been made by the British government to obtain the views of this government as to the prospective renewal.

Japs Rush Building.

President Harding and his administration advisers are especially cautious in proceeding with disarmament negotiations in these circumstances and while authoritative information comes from the Orient that Japan is rushing the completion of its "eight battleship, eight cruiser" naval program, costing $250,000,000 annually and is feverishly fortifying its harbors and outlying possessions.

The President believes firmly in the principle of "approximate" disarmament by agreement with other leading naval powers. He is committed to it and in good faith he intends to do what he can to bring it about. At the same time, he is determined that the United States shall not rush headlong into position in which this government would find itself at a decided disadvantage in participating in the proposed negotiations or left "holding the bag" if the other nations refused or failed to be parties to an effective agreement.

By proceeding with the 1916 naval construction program, as authorized in the new appropriation bill, and awaiting authoritative information as to the provisions of the new Anglo-Japanese treaty, it is no doubt the President's view that either the time for disarmament negotiations will before long be "opportune" or that events also shaped themselves that will have become generally obvious action must be indefinitely postponed.

GIFT OF FRENCH PEOPLE PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT

Jules J. Jusserand, the French ambassador, presented to President Harding as a gift of France a replica of the monument erected by the province of Lorraine and the municipality of Flirey to the American troops who delivered their soil from German occupation.

M. Jusserand also transmitted to the American Legion the formal invitation of President Millerand that the legion send a delegation of its members for the unveiling of the monument in August.

The Tug of Peace

BRITISH MINE STRIKE ENDED

Owners and Men Agree on Terms, Premier Lloyd George Announces.

The British national coal strike, which has been in effect since April 1, was settled on June 28. Official announcement to this effect was made following the second conference of the federation of miners and the colliery owners at the government board of trade office.

Premier Lloyd George announced in the house of commons that an agreement had been reached between the strikers and the colliery owners and that the men would return to work at once. The news was received with cheers and there was the utmost rejoicing throughout the whole country.

It was learned later that Premier Lloyd George would ask parliament to sanction a renewal of the subsidy offer of ten million pounds sterling. This offer had been made previously on condition that the strike was settled within a certain length of time but the time limit passed without a settlement. The subsidy was to be applied to the men's wages so that the wage reduction which the mine owners insist is necessary, can be carried out gradually.

This conference had been arranged by Premier Lloyd George and the government was represented.

Upwards of 1,200,000 men were involved in the nation's coal strike. It had precipitated the worst industrial crisis in the history of Great Britain.

Officials of the federation of miners made two attempts to bring about a general strike in sympathy with the miners, but both failed.

It is estimated that the coal strike cost Great Britain in wages, loss of production and general business stagnation at least $2,500,000,000.

Industry has been paralyzed for many weeks and train schedules curtailed to a minimum.

Gov. [illegible] cials were jubilant over the settlement of the coal strike following so closely upon the settlement of the textile wage dispute. They declared that the labor atmosphere will clear rapidly and that normal conditions may be expected within a few weeks.

FITS TREATED FREE

Any reader who will write for it will receive a big bottle of Dr. Grant's scientific Fit and Epilepsy treatment absolutely free without obligation. It stops fits and produces amazing results. Simply send your name, age and description of case to Dr. F. E. Grant Co., Department 291, Kansas City, Mo., and the big free treatment will be mailed postpaid and under plain wrapper.

Hunter Is Defeated in Fight With Hawk

Kenneth Colegrove, son of Mrs. Ira Smith of Morenci, Mich., came out second best in an encounter with a hawk while hunting. Just as he was taking aim at the bird which was circling around his head, the hawk swooped down upon Colegrove, striking the rifle in such manner that the hammer hit the young man on the nose, cutting a severe gash.

Kansas Constructs Model School on Western Prairies

What is described as one of the most elaborate and complete consolidated school plants in America has just been dedicated at Holcomb, seven miles west of Garden City, on the western Kansas prairie. The plant cost $225,000.

Seven school districts joined to construct the single plant where the pupils may have the advantages of a city school, including manual training, domestic science and scientific training of several varieties. Six one-room schools of the old type and a three-room school at Holcomb were abandoned in favor of the consolidated project.

The pupils are transported to the school by motor busses driven by teachers who receive $20 a month for this extra work. The busses have a capacity of 30 to 40 pupils each.

The Holcomb consolidated school district has an area of 124½ square miles. The school population at present is 375. The new plant has a capacity of 650 grade and high schol pupils.

The consolidated school group consists of seven buildings in all, with others to be added later, a first-class farm for instruction in practical agriculture, and a large athletic field. In addition to the main high school building and a grade school building, there is a large garage for housing the motor busses, a cottage for the superintendent, a faculty home, cottage for the agricultural instructor and farm superintendent, and a cottage for the janitor.

FIGURES SHOW 16.7 PCT. DECREASE IN LIVING COST

The decrease in the cost of living between June, 1920, and May, 1921, was 16.7 per cent, figures based upon prices in 32 cities show. Except for fuel, light and housing, all items dropped in price between June, 1920, and May, 1921.

In Cincinnati the cost of living dropped 17.3 per cent between June, 1920, and May, 1921. In Los Angeles the drop was 11.4 per cent for the same period; in Norfolk, Va., 15.3 per cent; in Richmond 16.4 per cent, and in St. Louis 17.3.

BUSINESS GOOD; MONEY CHAOTIC

Finance and Economics Are Apparently Unrelated in Nation of Austria.

Finance and economics seem to have parted company in Austria. With its money situation chaotic, there is at the same time a generally acknowledged betterment of conditions of living.

Travelers revisiting Vienna say they do not recognize the city of a year ago. The mass of the people are better dressed and more plentiful food is shown in their healthy appearance. The green and sallow faces have disappeared and on the whole the Viennese are nearly back to normal as far as external evidence goes.

The shop display of luxurious wares of every description increases until the Arbeiter Zeitung says it exceeds Vienna's best days of before the war. The same newspaper admits there is steady progress and betterment in business and general conditions.

The famous delicatessen shops are reopening with almost their old-time excellence. White bread is served in nearly every restaurant and the bakery windows again display the famous Vienna pastries and cakes. In the poorer districts even the butcher shops and groceries reflect the same condition.

Turning to finances the current statement of the Austro-Hungarian bank speaks for it. There are at the moment 45,000,000,000 crowns in circulation and 4,000,000,000 outstanding treasury notes issued to the banks for discount. But this cheap money is plentiful. Everyone seems to have it and be spending it. Printing presses are now turning out a round 5,000,000,000 crowns a month to meet the government expenses. The current budget shows a deficit of 50,000,000,000 crowns. The wealth levy has produced thus far about 9,000,000,000 crowns, one-half of which was paid in war bonds, leaving enough cash from this source to meet about one month's running expenses for the government.

Through its spokesmen and newspapers the government is urging the need of haste in the proposed credit plan of the league of nations by which enough foreign capital is sought to establish a bank of issue whose new currency on a gold basis is expected gradually to retire and stabiiize the value of the present crown.

Bullet in Brain 35 Years

After carrying a bullet in the base of the brain for 35 years, John Inman of White Plains, N. Y., had forgotten about it until he began to be troubled with a sore throat. The bullet was removed in a single operation and Mr. Inman will have it made into a watch charm.

Now You Can Import That Skeleton You've Wanted for So Long

The man who has no skeleton in his closet, and who might want one, will find by turning to paragraph 1651 of the new tariff bill, introduced recently, that he may get it abroad without paying duty.

In putting skeletons on the free list, the ways and means committee had in mind also other anatomical specimens.

Turning from the grave to the gay, other folk interested in the bill will find the tariff on poker chips reduced 10 per cent. The Underwood bill fixed the rate at 50 per cent. The old Payne-Aldrich bill had poker chips on the free list.

SAYS WOUNDED SHOT TO DEATH

German Officer Accused of Cold-Bloodedness on the Field of Battle.

There was a dramatic scene in the war criminals' court at Leipzig, last week, when a witness from Alsace testified that he had seen Major Benno von Crusius, who is on trial charged with murder, shoot down wounded French soldiers in cold blood.

"That is a lie. I never killed a human being in my life," shouted the accused officer, leaping to his feet.

Von Crusius is on trial jointly with General Karl Stenger. Stenger was accused by France of giving orders to take no prisoners and Von Crusius was alleged to have put the orders into effect. Both defendants denied any such orders had been given.

More than 50 witnesses, most of them from Alsace and Lorraine, were summoned from these provinces to testify against the German officers.

The Alsatians have woven a strong net of testimony closely about both officers. One witness said he had seen Von Crusius with a revolver in his hand stalking among the wounded French soldiers on the battlefield, putting them to death.

The offenses with which the two officers are charged are alleged to have taken place during the first four months of the war, when the French invaded Germany and there was hard fighting in the mountains of Alsace and Lorraine.

A German surgeon testified he had treated Von Crusius in 1916 for a nervous breakdown and that he believed that the collapse was due to the strain imposed upon him by the orders of his chief. Von Crusius commanded a brigade in Stenger's army.

Stenger, a stern old Prussian and a typical German army officer, sat in court wearing his iron cross and staring straight ahead. He showed no sign of emotion as testimony was given that he had ordered wounded French soldiers to be killed.

PERSHING NOW HEAD OF ARMY

A. E. F. Commander Now Chief of Staff; General Harbord His Assistant.

General Pershing, on July 1, became chief of staff of the United States army, relieving Major General March, who was given leave of absence effective until his retirement from active service in November. It was the first assignment to definite duty given the general since he relinquished command of the American expeditionary forces in France. Major General Harbord, who was his principal staff assistant in France, is his assistant in the new office.

Under plans approved by Secretary Weeks, General Pershing will be relieved by his assistant of all routine and will direct the larger operations of the military establishment, particularly the organization and training of the national guard and civilian reserve forces, and be prepared personally to assume command of field forces in case of emergency. In such an event General Harbord would move into the office of his present chief.

General March probably will remain in an advisory capacity in the war department until Generals Pershing and Harbord are thoroughly informed of all details pertaining to staff work in the department. Later, General March intends to visit Europe and to write on military subjects there and in the United States.

To Sell Rare Stamps

A stamp collection, reputed to be the rarest in the world, valued at from $7,500,000 to $12,500,000, is to be disposed of by auction in Paris shortly. The collection originally belonged to Ferrori de la Revantiere.

GOVT. WORKERS AGAINST THRIFT

Big Union of U. S. Employes Opposing Administration Economy.

Behind President Harding's recent warning that government employes found to be hindering or in any way opposing the administration's reorganization plans will be instantly discharged from the service, is the activity of the National Federation of Federal Employes.

This organization, with its 260 local unions and a total membership of 110,000, is declared to be opposing quietly, but systematically and effectively, the program for consolidating various government bureaus, eliminating waste and duplication from the public service, and cutting down the number of government employes.

Walter F. Brown of Toledo, chairman of the reorganization committee came in contact with the silent though strong opposition not long after he took up his duties in Washington and decided that unless it was promptly and decisively combated the success of his work would be imperiled.

The National Federation of Federal Employes is a comparatively young organization. Its membership increased by leaps and bounds during and immediately following the war, when the number of government employes in Washington jumped from 39,000 to 117,000.

Mostly War Workers

Probably three-fourth of the organization's members are "war workers" who have been attached to the government payroll during the last four years and are anxious to insure themselves lifetime jobs at the public's expense.

Announcement of the Harding administration's reorganization plans gave a tremendous impetus to the federation. It started on a membership campaign and departmental employes, fearing dismissal if the program went through, tumbled over themselves to join. Those who hesitated were told that if they did not join the union they would be left unprotected when the big shake-up comes, since federation members would be kept in their jobs.

As the federation is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, its officers and agents advertise the fact as indicating that federation members will be backed by the influence of that organization, whether they are needed or not.

Organization Not Opposed

Neither President Harding nor Chairman Brown is opposed to the organization of federal employes and the affiliation of their union with the A. F. of L., but both are emphatically against any use of such an organization for the purpose of defeating the administration plans for putting the government on an economy and efficiency basis and thereby saving the taxpayers of the country hundreds of millions of dollars annually.

Should the employes' federation continue its hostile activities despite the President's warning, it is not unlikely that steps will be taken either to disband it or to discharge its officers from the government service.

The President is in dead earnest. He believes that the first and most essential step in getting the country back to normal and putting business on a sound basis is to reduce the huge government expenditures, thereby permitting a downward revision of the federal taxes.

Cuba Will Create Bank and Purchase Supply of Sugar

Purchase of 600,000 tons of sugar and the creation of a bank of emission along the lines of the Federal Reserve bank of the United States are means by which the government of Cuba intends to solve the present financial crisis "firmly and quietly, without impairing in the slightest the sovereignty of the republic."

This program was announced by Jose M. Cortina, secretary of the presidency and chief of the cabinet, and approved by President Zayas.

While it was admitted that the government's floating indebtedness exceeded $20,000,000 and that customs receipts had declined 33 1-3 percent during the last two months, it was denied that this constituted a menace to the government's solvency, since economy measures already in effect assured prompt payment within a reasonable period.

A corporation known as the Sugar Warehouse Co. had been formed with government backing to acquire facilities in which to store the surplus crop.

With regard to proposed banking legislation, the statement says 50 percent of the capital of the bank of emmission will be American and the other half Cuban.

The London zoo has imported from East Africa some giant snails which lay eggs as large as those of a sparrow.

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Splendid clerical work opportunity. Spare or whole time. No canvassing, good money. Chautauqua Business Builders, Jamestown, N. Y.

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Patents Secured. Prompt service. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and Free Book telling How to Obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest references. Write TODAY. J. L. Jackson & Co., 157 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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PILES—CURED OR NO PAY. $2 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Kuro Remedy Company, Dept. 23, Kansas City, Mo.

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GOOD HARDWOOD LANDS in Mich., well located; 20, 40, 80 ac. tracts, $15 to $30 per ac.; small down payment, terms low as $10 month. We help you. Send for FREE book. SWIGART LAND CO., L-1245, First Natl. Bk. Bldg., Chicago.

FARMS WANTED.

Farm wanted. Send description and price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

MISCELLANEOUS FARMS FOR SALE.

113-ACRE FARM ONLY $1,750 HORSE, COW, HOGS, CROPS. Flock poultry, tools, implements, etc., included; your opportunity get going farm in splendid section; 2 miles R. R. advantages; productive loamy fields; 10-cow spring-watered pasture; lots wood, abundance timber; 25 apple trees, cherries; good 6-room house, bountiful maple shade; substantial 40-ft. barn, poultry house; other inerests force quick sale; $1,750 gets all; easy terms. Details page 33, Illus. Catelog 1,100 Barcains. FREE. STROUT FARM AGENCY, 150 S. Nassau St., New York City, N. Y.

TOBACCO HABIT.

Tobacco or snuff habit cured or no pay, $1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., TH., Baltimore, Md.

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Golden Seal Roots, one year growth, 75 cents per 100. J. D. Reedy, Rickmore, W. Va.

Corn harvester cuts and piles on harvester or winrows. Man and horse cuts and shocks equal Corn Binder. Sold in every state. Only $28 with fodder tieing attachment. Testimonials and catalog FREE showing picture of Harvester. Process Harvester Co., Salina, Kansas.

"The Last of the Cowboys" is a powerful western romance now scheduled to appear in forthcoming issues of Dolan's Monthly, and one you don't want to miss. Subscriptions may be sent direct from this advertisement, or, if so desired, a full description of magazine and story will be sent upon request, $1.00 a year, or send 10 cents and you will receive the August number. Agents wanted. Address Dolan's Monthly, Austin D. Dolan, Publisher, Hancock, Maryland.

LAND FOR SALE.

Small tracts. Easy payments. Established markets. Fine climate. Good schools. Low prices. Send for booklet. Magnolia State Land Company, Iola, Kansas.

SCIENTIST PLANS TO MAKE TEST OF EINSTEIN THEORY

The Einstein theory of relativity is to be subjected to a new practical test by Prof. Albert A. Michelson of the University of Chicago, whose discoveries led to its formulation. The forthcoming experiment is expected to lend substantial support to the theory or to disprove it.

Prof. Michelson, who is now lecturing at the University of Paris is expected back soon and the test is planned within the next year. It will be conducted under the auspices of the University of Chicago.

The experiment has been undertaken at the request of Dr. Ludwick Silberstein of the Eastman Research Labratories at Rochester, N. Y., who has worked out its terms. It is said that Professor Albert Einstein on his recent visit to the United States expressed his belief in the efficacy of the experiment.

Just what is planned to do to determine whether Einstein's theory holds or not was explained by Prof. Robert A. Millikan, colleague of Prof. Michelson in the department of physics of the University of Chicago. Divesting the subject of technical details, Prof. Millikan said:

"All efforts thus far made to detect by means of light effects the motion of any material body with respect to the ether have failed. But all preceding attempts have been made with the idea of trying to measure the linear motion through space of a point on the earth with respect to the ether surrounding that point, and the results thus far obtained have been wholly negative. In other words the observed effects have been precisely those to be expected if there is no relative motion of the earth with respect to the ether at all.

"The special theory of relativity as generally stated consists in the assertion that it is impossible to detect the motion of any body with respect to the ether. The statement would be more conservative if put in the form that all experiments up to the present have failed to detect such relative motion.

"Prof. Michelson pointed out some 20 years ago that if the ether is dragged along with the earth at its surface, it would have to be dragged in a different amount near the equator than near the pole, because of the fact that the motion of rotation of the earth is greater at the equator than at the poles. Hence one way of testing whether or not we can detect motion of points on the earth's surface with respect to the ether would be to send a light signal in different directions around the earth's pole and see whether the two signals came back to the starting point at the same instant. If there were any relative motion of the earth with respect to the ether they would not do so. But if the ether in the neighborhood of all portions of the earth had the same motion as the earth just beneath it, then the two signals would come back at exactly the same time.

"Now Dr. Silberstein has asked Prof. Michelson to take up again the projected experiment because he has computed that if the general theory of relativity is correct, there should be a difference in the time of return to the source of signals sent in opposite directions around the pole in the manner indicated.

"A little computation shows that it should be just as satisfactory to send a beam of light around a circuit of known area in the latitude of Chicago as in the latitude of the pole.

"Prof. Michelson has therefore agreed, in view of the immense interest which there is now in relativity, to take up again this experiment, which has acquired added interest because of the fact that Dr. Silberstein's analysis of the theory of relativity requires that there be a positive measurable effect when the experiment is performed in this way.

"If the predicted amount of this effect is exactly checked experimentally, Einstein's theory of relativity will receive support. If on the other hand, there should be found to be no observable difference in the time required for the light to go in opposite directions around the circuit, or if the observed difference does not check numerically with the computed, then the Einstein theory will have to be disproved."

OHIO CABINET IS COMPLETED

New Officers Took Charge July 1 When State Shakeup Law Became Effective.

Governor Davis of Ohio completed his cabinet of eight under the reorganization of state government which became effective on July 1, in announcing the appointment of L. J. Taber, Barnesville, master of the state grange, as director of agriculture, and Vernon M. Riegel, state superintendent of public instruction, as director of education.

The cabinet will consist of: Floyd E. Waite, Cleveland, director of finance; Rev. Dr. Howard S. MacAyeal, Akron, director of public welfare; Dr. Harry H. Snively, Columbus, director of health; William H. Phipps, Paulding, director of commerce; Percy Tetlow, Salem, director of industrial relations; Leon C. Herrick, Norwalk, director of highways and public works; Louis J. Taber, Barnesville, director of agriculture, and Vernon M. Riegel, Columbus, director of education.

Taber will have in charge all the work of the present board of agriculture, the secretary of agriculture, the agricultural advisory board and related activities.

In the department of education Director Riegel will have under him the state examining boards, film censorship, state geology division, state library board and a new board of vocational education, and will have a part in the work of the Kent state normal school, Bowling Green state normal college, Wilberforce university, Ohio Archaeological and Historical society and the Ohio State university.

For seven years, Mr. Taber has been master of the state grange, and for the last 15 years connected with the grange in official capacities. He has lived at Barnesville since he was six years of age. He has specialized in dairy farming and recently was awarded four gold medals for high production by members of his herd. During his administration the membership of the grange increased from 27,000 to 105,000.

Mr. Taber is 43 years old. He is an officer of the Ohio farm bureau, president of the Ohio Protective league and connected with dairy and commodity organizations.

Mr. Reigel will be the youngest member of the cabinet. He is 33 years old. In addition to being a teacher, he also is a lawyer, having been admitted to the bar in this state.

MUTT AND JEFF— **Mutt Comes Out Second Best in This Confab** By "BUD" FISHER

I WANT TO RUN IN AND PHONE TO MISS SCHULTZ BUT MY HORSE WONT STAND WITHOUT HITCHING! AH! THERE'S JEFF!
JEFF, HOLD MY HORSE A MINUTE! COME ON, OLD THING!!
M-M! DOES HE KICK OR BITE?
NO! HERE, I'M IN A HURRY!
YOU MAY BE IN A HURRY BUT WHEN IT COMES TO HOLDING STRANGE HORSES I GO SLOW!
THE NAG DON'T LOOK ANY TOO GENTLE TO ME! DOES IT TAKE TWO TO HOLD HIM?
NO!
'PAT' 'PAT'
THEN HOLD HIM YOURSELF!
245

Purify Your Blood and Stop That Maddening Itch

Poor blood, sometimes full of dangerous germs, or impurities that should be cast off, causes many of the itching skin diseases that drive the afflicted almost mad.

When your blood is run down and impure, your general system gets so weak you haven't the nervous strength to bear the maddening itch, itch, itch of your affliction bravely. This is why skin disease sufferers are snappy and irritable, unable to accomplish anything, and almost beside themselves with frantic nervousness.

Strike at the root of your trouble, the dangerous poisons and impurities in your blood, which manifest themselves by causing your itching eruptions. Remedy your blood condition, and whatever skin troubles are due to it will leave you. For this work, S.S.S., the famous old vegetable tonic and alterative, is as good a medicine as you can find. Thousands have stopped their torturous itching with it.

USED 50 YEARS S.S.S. FOR SKIN TROUBLES AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Get S.S.S. from your druggist right now, and start taking it. Then write us a history of your trouble. We will gladly give you expert medical advice free. Address your letter to Chief Medical Advisor, 828 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

U. S. AT PEACE WITH GERMANY

Senate and House Agree on Compromise Resolution Which Ends War.

War between the United States and Germany has been technically ended. Enactment of the compromise resolutions restoring peace with Germany and Austria has been completed by congress and signed by President Harding.

Final action on the measure was by the senate, which adopted the conference report by a vote of 38 to 19 after a day of debate in which the Democratic members made a last assault on the resolution. The house vote was 263 to 59.

The signing of the measure by the President opens the way for the resumption of diplomatic relations with both Germany and Austria, but administration officials have indicated that plans for this have not been worked out.

All opponents of the resolution were Democrats, but three Democrats, Shields of Tennessee, Walsh of Massachusetts, and Watson of Georgia, voted with Republicans for adoption. Senator Reed, Democrat, Missouri, was paired in its favor.

The compromise resolution carries the house declaration of a state of peace, instead of the senate repeal of the war resolution, and the senate provisions, protecting American interests, with an additional section giving still further protection to the United States.

Senator Knox, author of the original peace resolution, issued a statement in which he declared that the adoption of the house formula for establishing peace did not mean that the senate had yielded anything material.

U. S. Rights Protected.

The text of the compromise resolution as affecting American rights follows:

"That the state of war declared to exist between the imperial German government and the United States of America by the joint resolution of congress approved April 6, 1917, is hereby declared at an end.

"Section 2. That in making this declaration, and as a part of it, there are expressly reserved to the United States of America and its nationals any and all rights, privileges, indemnities, reparations, or disadvantages together with the right to enforce the same, to which it or they have become entitled under the terms of the armistice signed Nov. 11, 1918, or any extensions or modifications thereof; or which were acquired by or are in the possession of the United States of America by reason of its participation in the war or to which its nationals have thereby become rightfully entitled; or which, under the treaty of Versailles, have been stipulated for its or their benefit; or to which it is entitled by virtue of an act or acts of congress; or otherwise.

"Section 3. That the state of war declared to exist between the imperial and royal Austro-Hungarian government and the United States of America by the joint resolution of congress approved Dec. 7, 1917, is hereby declared at an end.

"Section 4. That in making this declaration, and as a part of it, there are expressly reserved to the United States of America and its nationals any and all rights, privileges, indemnities, reparations, or advantages, together with the right to enforce the same, to which it or they have become entitled under the terms of the armistice signed Nov. 3, 1918, or any extensions or modifications thereof; or which were acquired by or are in the possession of the United States of America by reason of its participation in the war or to which its nationals have thereby become rightfully entitled; or which, under the treaty of St. Germain-En-Laye or the treaty of Trianon, have been stipulated for its or their benefit; or to which it is entitled as one of the principal allied and associated powers; or to which it is entitled by virtue of any act or acts of congress; or otherwise."

Still Further Protected.

Section 5 of the resolution protects the rights of America in dealing with property of the German and Austrian governments which came into United States' possession during the war, while section 6 declares that nothing in the resolution shall be construed to repeal acts or proclamations relating to passports, appropriations for the diplomatic and consular service, the military status of individuals or liability under the selective service act.

Cameos of the ancients were usually made of agate, onyx and sard, but are occasionally found executed on opal, beryl or emerald.

Honest Advertising

THIS is a topic we all hear now-a-days because so many people are inclined to exaggerate. Yet has any physician told you that we claimed unreasonable remedial properties for Fletcher's Castoria? Just ask them. We won't answer it ourselves, we know what the answer will be.

That it has all the virtues to-day that was claimed for it in its early days is to be found in its increased use, the recommendation by prominent physicians, and our assurance that its standard will be maintained.

Imitations are to be found in some stores and only because of the Castoria that Mr. Fletcher created. But it is not the genuine Castoria that Mr. Fletcher Honestly advertised, Honestly placed before the public, and from which he Honestly expects to receive his reward.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

ANTARCTIC TRIP STARTS IN AUG.

Sir Ernest Shackleton Will Leave for Unchartered Regions This Summer.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, who commanded the British Antarctic expedition in 1907-09—which reached within 97 miles of the South Pole—and also the Antarctic expedition in 1914-16, will be the leader on a new voyage of discovery covering 30,000 miles of uncharted sections of the southern Atlantic, the Pacific and Antarctic seas. He will sail from the port of London the end of August in a 200-ton ship, brigantine rigged, name The Quest. He will have with him a small picked staff, including six companions of former polar expeditions. The London Daily Mail publishes this announcement.

The expedition, which will be called the Shackleton-Rowett Oceanographical and Antarctic Expedition, will be financed by John Queller Rowett, of Agricultural Research, and Fred Becker, a well-known paper manufacturer. The Quest will be equipped for every branch of scientific research. She will carry complete hydrographic surveys and soundings and will touch at various little known islands, where the flora and fauna and geological structure will be studied and photographed. A specially constructed seaplane will be taken, and air currents will be charted.

Soundings will be taken of the ocean plateau about Gough's Island in an endeavor to settle the surmises regarding an underwater continental connection between Africa and America.

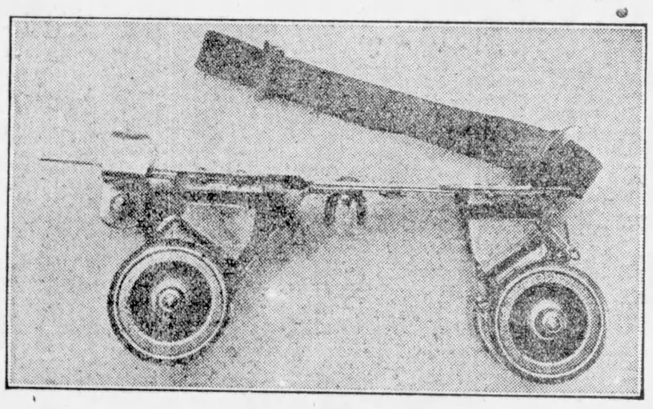
The vessel will continue on to Capetown, whence begins the exploration of Antarctic regions where no keel has been in the last 90 years. Enderby Land will be visited. This is a large tract, but whether a continent or an island is unknown, as its limits remain unmarked.

The vessel will emerge from the Antarctic by the Weddell Sea and call at the South Sandwich Islands and South Georgia. She will then proceed eastward and make landings at various sub-Antarctic islands, such as Bouvet Island and Heard Island.

The next country to attract The Quest will be New Zealand, and the Pacific will be dredged for the lost island of Tuanaki, which has been mentioned in old nautical records and native legends, but has since disappeared. The party will search for Daugherty Island, which position is doubtful. If accessible it might serve as a relay wireless between New Zealand and South America.

TURCO-BOLSHEVIK PLOT BARED IN CONSTANTINOPLE

A Turco-Bolshevik plot of vast proportions has been discovered by the allied authorities in Constantinople. Numerous arrests have been made, including the alleged ringleader of the movement, a man named Augenblick.



For Boys

For Girls

Boys and Girls—

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The kind of skates you always hoped Santa Claus could find. So smooth running! Adjustable to any foot! All parts protected! And real, yes, really real ball-bearings. No cost to you—it's a real gift.

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Do you want 'em? Sure, you do. Get busy today!

Just get six of your neighbors and friends to become Weekly Blade subscribers for one year at 75 cents each. You send the names and full address to us together with a postoffice money order for $4.50, and we will send your skates by return mail.

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The Blade boils down all the essential news of the day and presents it for quick informative reading—a complete survey of the whole world's activity and thought for the week, with wonderful clearness of vision. It serves in place of half a dozen daily newspapers.

It has many departments of especial value to business men, farmers, women, students and children; instruction, religious thought, political guidance, household economy, fashions, serial stories—all are included.

It is a newspaper for the home.

Address Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio

Millionaires Everywhere

—By ROGER W. BABSON—

(Copyright, 1921, Fleming H. Revell Company. First published in this newspaper by arrangement with Associated Editors, Chicago.)

A few years ago I was employed by a great magazine publisher to make a study of America's leading industries. The purpose of this study was to find those industries in which opportunities for success were greatest.

This publisher is one of the men who "makes" prosperity. He enjoys taking hold of some particular brand of product, of which very few have ever heard, and making all of us go to the market and demand it.

For this publisher I tried to find some product which had possibilities of development, but in the producing or marketing of which no one was then making good. To my great surprise in making the investigation I was unable to find a single industry from eggs to engines, ties to tires, pins to pianos, butter to buildings, in which someone, somewhere, was not making millions of dollars.

Opportunities Equal.

The result of this investigation showed that the reason why some people make a success and others fail is purely a matter of difference in ability. Opportunities exist in every line of business. Opportunities are almost equal over a period of years in all lines. It is true that in the fall there is a greater demand for fur coats than for straw hats. It is only a few months, however, before the straw hat man will be reaping his harvest while the fur coat man's business will then be dull.

At times there is a great demand for men in certain lines of industry. In these lines m then get large wages. This fact of itself attracts a great many men to the industry and thus ultimately overcrowds it. The industry which today pays the highest wages may be in a few years paying the lowest, and the industry which today is paying the lowest wages may be in a few years paying the highest. The wheel of opportunity is slowly but continually turning. The old adage of only three generations from shirts sleeves to shirt sleeves has not disappeared from our economic order of things.

Right Where We Are.

There are good opportunities in every line of business, there are opportunities in almost every locality, there are opportunities with every employer and every profession. Whether or not one makes the most of these opportunities depends almost wholly upon oneself. **Our best opportunity oday is more than likely in the industry in which we are working, with the employer with whom we are working, in the city where we are working, or in the profession in which we are engaged.** Success in an industry, with an employer, in a city, or in a profession depends upon the individual more than on any one of these other factors.

Four Main Lines.

A few years ago there was a lot of talk about vocational guidance, but we do not hear so much about it today. Like many other things it was overworked. It is true that there are four entirely different classes of occupation, such as (1) the professions, including medicine, law, ministry and journalism; (2) mechanical lines, including engineering, machinery, manufacturing and building; (3) salesmanship, including merchandising, tending store, selling on the road and advertising; (4) agriculture, including farming, forestry, stock raising, horticulture and various other out-door pursuits. But this classification is wholly adequate for an extensive vocational study, and is sufficient for everyone's purpose.

It is true that there is a woeful lack of intelligent vocational guidance. It is also true, however, that the very touchstone of any test is to be honest with oneself when considering one's adaptability or inadaptability for any particular position considered. A young man who dreads meeting people should not become a salesman. A man who dreads details should not become a bookkeeper. A man who is chicken-hearted should not become a doctor. A man who dislikes appearing in public should not become a public speaker.

Sell Anything, If—

If, however, the man who does like to meet people and who is eternally optimistic wants to be a salesman, it makes very little difference what he sells so long as it makes the great mass of people healthier, happier and more prosperous. **The thing which is easiest to sell today will be the hardest to sell a few years hence; and the thing that is the hardest to sell today will be the easiest to sell a few years hence.** If a man likes details, if he likes figuring, if he likes to pore over accounts, if he thoroughly enjoys doing these things then he should become a bookkeeper or accountant. If a man enjoys ministering to people's ailments he should become a doctor. If a man enjoys speaking in public and continues to practice it, he will become a public speaker.

What Do You Like?

In fact, the solution of not only our individual success, but many of our industrial ills lies in finding what each of us likes to do; in finding the opportunity to do it, and then doing it with all one's might. The fact is that, if any one has given considerable time to any employer, that one will probably be better off to stay with that employer. If any one has devoted considerable time to a given industry that one, no doubt will be considerably better off to stay with that particular industry. If any one has established a reputation in a given city his chances of success should be greater in that city where a good reputation has been established than in unknown fields. If any one has devoted considerable time to a given profession his opportunities are greater in that profession about which he has some knowledge than in some other profession of which he is uninformed. Your and my individual success lies in the thing that we are now doing. It is based upon how faithfully we prosecute the work at hand.

Rich Boy Handicapped.

Sometimes we hear the remark that the opportunities for the young man are not as great today as they were years ago. Statistics show that this statement is absolutely wrong. Not only wrong but that the opportunites are even greater today than they were years ago. I will go a step further and say that the opportunities for the poor man's son are even greater than those of the rich. Let me illustrate.

In connection with the study of America's greatest industries mentioned above, I became interested in the history of the men who were at the head of these industries. There wese 70 especially prominent ones. This study showed that America's greatest railroad builder, Edward E. Harriman, was the son of a minister; that America's greatest magazine editor, George Horace Lorimer, was the son of a minister; that America's greatest administrator, Herbert Hoover, was the son of a minister. The study also showed that E. H. Gary, H. C. Frick, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and F. W. Woolworth were all sons of poor farmers.

Minister's Sons.

Were the fathers of these great captains of industry college graduates? No. Were the fathers of these great captains of industry bankers? No. Were they rich manufacturers and merchants? No. These great captains of industry, these men who have built America's greatest railroads, factories and stores, are the sons of poor parents—the sons of farmers and ministers and wage workers. The statistics of this great majority of these industrial builders were the sons of parents whose income averaged less than $1200 per year. If the captains of industry of the past quarter of a century came from the ranks of the masses, the captains of industry of the next quarter century are going to come from the same source. The bankers, manufacturers, and merchants of the next generation will not be the sons of the bankers, manufacturers and the merchants of today. The bankers, manufacturers and merchants of the next generation will be the sons of the farmers, professional men, and wage-workers of today.

"Isms" Won't Change Things.

This will not be due to any revolution or social upheaval. Socialism, Bolshevism, or any other kind of "ism" is not going to help you or me in our individual struggle. These theories are designed to help only the politicians who advocate them. The present form of our government which has made America so successful will also make for your and my individual success. The advocates of any other economic order must not only prove that our present economic system is unworkable, but that they have a better and more practical system.

Why is it that the boys and girls of the so-called employe classes become the industrial leaders of America? It is because individual success depends upon certain qualities. It is because those certain qualities are most easily developed in the home of a working family. When any great captain of industry wants a young man to represent him he seldom goes to the home of the rich, but rather to the home of the wage-worker.

Should Laborers Hope?

One of the saddest features of the present teachings of trade unionism is the false doctrine that labor no longer has any hopes of developing into the employer class. Surely organized labor is making its saddest mistake in accepting this position as final. Evidence of this may be found in John Mitchell's book on "Organized Labor." In that book Mr. Mitchell begins with this statement: "The average wage earner **has made up his mind that he must remain a wage earner.** He has given up the hope of a kingdom to come, where he himself will be a capitalist, and he asks that the reward for his work be given to him as a workingman." Statistics show that this need not be the case. The opportunities for the wage-workers are as great today as ever if only they will seize these opportunities and develop themselves so as to assume greater responsibilities. The most disastrous thought that one could ever hope to entertain would be to think that he is always going to remain just as he is with no hope of further development.

Freshmen Are Hazed.

When a young man goes to college he receives a great deal of hazing in his freshman year. Why does he take this hazing in a good manly spirit? Simply because next year he will be a sophomore and will administer the same dose to the then blossoming freshmen, but, if when a young man once became a Freshman he always remained a freshman his attitude toward the hazing or other inconveniences of the freshman's year would be very different indeed. It seems to me that the same analogy is applicable in the case of labor. If wage workers believe they are doomed ever after to remain in their present position without hope of advancement, they will try to get everything for their class possible to obtain. The teaching that should be disseminated to the great mass of people is not that there is a barrier in their way or a roof over their head, but that the opportunities are great for those who will seize them and those who will pay the cost price of success.

What Is Success?

Concept of individual success varies directly with the number of people considering it. The term hardly means the same to any two people. Individual success does not necessarily mean monetary accumulation, but on the other hand it does not exclude it. Ask the dyed-in-the-wool American business man what success is and he will say that it is the response to the various stimuli. The minister will say that he is successful who lays up his treasure where thieves cannot steal nor moths corrupt. I shall make no attempt to define what I mean by individual success. If you have some well-thought-out, unselfish standard or goal and maintain that standard so that you reach the goal, then you have achieved your individual success.

If you do have such a goal and if you work and strive toward it, you are doing your part toward making prosperity permanent.

My purpose in writing these articles is to show you your own latent possibilities that you may be inspired to develop them and in so doing, bring more prosperity and greater happiness to all.

I have considered the individual problem of each man and woman and have found eight obstacles that are retarding persons generally. In the next two articles these obstacles will be discussed.

Next Week: "The 'I Can't' Obstacle"

REDS CULTIVATE NEW "FRIENDS"

Turk, Afghan and All Other Near East Envoys Feted in Russia.

Recent arrivals from Moscow declare that the world little realizes how closely Soviet Russia is pushing its friendship with the Near East.

In Moscow the Turkish legation occupies one of the most sumptuous of the old palaces and the personnel, garbed in faultless European clothes, present a strange contrast to the poorly garbed Muscovites. The Afghans and other Near Eastern delegations occupy luxurious quarters, give elaborate banquets and otherwise carry on with all the pomp of the old eastern courts.

Members of Lenine's government are frequently guests at these affairs and entertain the legation personnels equally lavishly in return.

Besides this, Lenine has so accommodated himself to the psychology of the east that he now exchanges presents with the rulers of Turkey, Persia, etc., as did the rulers of ancient days.

A Moscow dispatch now reads like a paragraph from what might have been an ancient tablet of hieroglyphics describing the visit of a Babylonian envoy to King Cyrus of Persia. It says: "The representative of the Soviet government has made his first official visit to the Shah of Persia, presenting to the Shah on a golden salver an album with photographs of Soviet leaders of the whole of Russia as a personal present to the Shah from Lenine."

A man who recently arrived from Moscow said: "Few persons realize what a close connection now exists between Russia and its old enemy, Turkey, and for that matter all of the Near East. Lenine is accomplishing what the old Russian government could not do by playing up to eastern psychology.

"The so-called Bolshevism in these eastern countries is nothing at all like the Bolshevism of Moscow but in each case the Russian agitators have a distinct brand of propaganda designed to dovetail with ancient customs of the country in question. For instance, in regions where the trade in bazaars is a century old custom, no agitation against free trade has been made."

DAUGHTER IS CANDIDATE FOR REP. MASON'S SEAT

Mrs. Winifred Mason Buck, youngest daughter of the late congressman, William E. Mason, has announced her candidacy to succeed her father, who was congressman-at-large from Illinois. Mrs. Buck is the mother of four children. She has conferred with Governor Len Small regarding the possibility of her appointment to fill the unexpired term of her father. If a special election is necessary, she will be a candidate, she said.

LADY CHURCHILL DIES FOLLOWING OPERATION

Lady Randolph Churchill, who was Miss Jennie Jerome of New York, died in London on June 29. She recently underwent an operation on her right foot which was injured in a fall down a flight of steps. She married in 1874, Lord Randolph Churchill, second son of the seventh duke of Marlborough and one of England's most influential political leaders of his day.

Lady Randolph Churchill's death occurred suddenly from heart failure, following a hemorrhage. Her son, Winston Spencer Churchill, secretary of state for the colonies, was with her at the end.

The careers of few, if any, other women in English social and political life have been so closely followed by Americans for many years past as that of Lady Randolph Churchill. She was a woman of diversified talents which included literary and artistic ability, and from the time of her marriage to Lord Randolph Churchill she took a keen interest in political affairs. This interest did not cease with the death of Lord Randolph Churchill in 1895, and her influence upon the career of her son, Winston Spencer Churchill, has been generally set down as of no small importance.

Lady Randolph Churchill was thrice married, her second marriage occurring in 1900 to Lieutenant George Cornwallis-West, her junior by many years. They were divorced in 1914. Cornwallis-West at once marrying Mrs. Pat Campbell, the actress. Her third marriage occurred in 1918 to Montague Porch, a British army officer.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

Lady Randolph Churchill was born 67 years ago. She was the daughter of the late Leonard Jerome of New York.

'INVADER' EASY FOR AVIATORS

U. S. Army Forces Locate Target, Register Hits, Within Two Tours.

The radio controlled battleship Iowa, representing an enemy fleet attacking the Atlantic coast, was located in a few minutes less than two hours by army dirigibles last week when about 50 miles off shore and 90 miles north and east of Cape Henry. More than a score of bombing planes, manned by naval and marine corps personnel, rushed to the scene in response to radio messages from the battleships that the enemy had been located, and hurled 80 dummy bombs of various sizes at the Iowa, registering two hits in the forecastle.

The ease with which the air forces located the Iowa, knowing only that the vessel was somewhere between Cape Hatteras and Cape Henlopen, a distance of about 215 miles, was a source of surprise to most of the naval officers who witnessed the bombing, and of gratification to the army men.

Weather conditions were ideal for the test. At 8 A. M., the "zero hour," the Iowa was about midway between Capes Hatteras and Henlopen and 60 miles off shore, steaming directly toward the coast.

Accompanying the Iowa were the Ohio, the control ship, the battleships Pennsylvania and Nevada, the transport Henderson and a number of destroyers and mine sweepers.

It was 9:57 when the observers on the Nevada sighted the first army blimp, the D-2, coming up from the Virginia capes, and 13 minutes later the army dirigible D-4 came into view. The blimps sent radio messages to the air force commander on the U. S. S. Shawmut off Cape Charles to Langley field and Cape May, where the airplane bombing groups were stationed. A few minutes after the dirigibles located the Iowa two F-5-L planes, scouting down from the Delaware Capes, sighted the target and wirelessed the vessel's position.

The first bombing planes, a division of F-5-L's, arrived on the scene at 11:25 and dropped two concrete bombs at the Iowa, one landing within 200 feet of the vessel's bow, and the other about an equal distance to one side. The planes circled round and round the vessel, dropping bombs on each trip, and were shortly joined by other divisions, until more than 20 planes had attacked.

A TRIO IN HIMSELF

Federal Board Finds Disabled Yank Who Sings Three Voices at the Same Time; Plays Saxophone, Too.

The federal board for vocational education has discovered a man whose vocation, apparently, is to be a chorus all by himself. He is Joseph Kaufman, disabled veteran, and is able, the board's announcement asserts, "to sing in three voices at one time," sounding like "three men side by side in unison." Only one similar case has ever been known in the United States.

Kaufman is described also as "an accomplished and versatile saxophone player," and has been placed in a Minneapolis school of music to prepare for a career in vaudeville.

SUFFERED WITH ECZEMA 14 YEARS

All Over Body. Itched and Burned. Cuticura Heals.

"I suffered for fourteen years with a severe case of eczema which was scattered nearly all over my body. At first it seemed like pimples and then turned to blisters and itched and burned so badly that I scratched and irritated the affected parts. I could not sleep at night.

"A friend told me about Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using four cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was completely healed, in two weeks." (Signed) Mr. E. W. Robbins, R. 3, Box 72, Westby, Wis., July 12, 1920.

Give Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum the care of your skin.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. H, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

REMOVE YOUR WRINKLES!

"Beautiful Eyelashes and Eyebrows, Beautiful Figure Merely a Question of Willingness to Try."

—HELEN CLARE.

Superfluous Hair, Pimples and Blackheads Disappear "Like Magic," Say Letters

This clever woman has perfected a method simple and yet "marvelous" in the opinion of hundreds of sister women, and the result has brought a wonderful change in her facial charm. "In a single night," says Helen Clare, "I have sensed the working of my method, and for removing wrinkles and developing the form, reports from nearly every state in the Union are even more pronounced than my own—and rapid."

In an interview Helen Clare said: "I made myself the woman that I am today. I brought about the wonderful change in my own appearance, and there are hundreds of my friends who know how I did it (in a secret, pleasant, quiet, yet harmless manner). My complexion today is as clear and fair as that of a child. My figure, formerly almost scrawny, I have developed into a beautiful bust and well developed form, thin, scrawny eyelashes and eyebrows, so poor they could scarcely be seen, have become long, thick and luxuriant; and by my own method."

Referring to pimples, blackheads and superfluous hair, Helen Clare continued: "I banished mine in my own way and by my own method, using nothing but my own simple home treatment, which any other woman can now have the personal benefit of and as well as I have done "if"—"if"—"if"—they will only make the effort and have even a little, teeny bit of faith in themselves as well as in me."

Hundreds of women are so delighted with the results from Helen Clare's method that they write her personally the most enthusiastic letters. Here are extracts from just two:

"Thank you for what your Beauty Treatment has done for me. It has cleared my face of blackheads and pimples. My complexion is as smooth as a child's now. It will do all you claim."

"And your treatment for removing wrinkles is wonderful—removed every wrinkle from my face."

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Clare is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to women. All our readers should write her at once and she will tell you absolutely free, about her various beauty treatments, and will show our readers:

How to remove wrinkles;
How to develop the bust;
How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows;
How to remove superfluous hair;
How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles;
How to remove dark circles under the eyes;
How to remove double chin;
How to build up sunken cheeks;
How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;
How to stop perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Helen Clare, Suite— B-170 3211 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

Spectacles ON TRIAL Free

In Summer Time Your Eyes Need The Most Protection

You Must Get Glasses At Once

You know your sight isn't as good as it used to be. Perhaps through wearing your old spectacles too long, or through not getting a pair when you needed them. Anyhow, don't wait any longer; get a pair at once.

Summer time is the most trying of all seasons on the eyes. The sun glares, the air is full of dust and grit, the heat hurts and burns, and you will strain your eye nerves. You must stop this right now. I will send you a pair of my large size 10 Carat Gold Filled Perfect Vision Spectacles that will stop this eye strain and eye pain, and will help protect your eyes.

I Will Help Your Eyes Absolutely Free

So don't send me a cent when you answer this advertisement, I insist on sending you a pair of these glasses to try absolutely free. Because I know they will help you to read and sew just as well as you ever did. These Perfect Vision Large Size Glasses of mine will help you to see every cut in your saw when you are filing it so that you can make a good job of it.

They will protect your eyes from the dust and the glare of the sun out in the field, and when you go home they will help you to do your reading just as well as you ever did in your life. I want to help you to see off in the distance and to be able to sight your gun clearly when you go hunting. I know I can do this and I am going to prove it to you.

I Will Send These Spectacles Absolutely Free

I Want You to Try Them For Yourself

Sit down right now—this very minute—and fill out the below coupon at once! Let Uncle Sam deliver into your own hands, at your own door, a pair of these Gold Filled, Perfect Vision Spectacles of mine, in a handsome Velteen-lined, Gold-lettered, Pocket-book Spectacle Case absolutely free for you to try, with the full understanding that after you have tried them thoroughly and find you are perfectly satisfied with them and keep them you will recommend them to your friends. With this understanding fill out the coupon and mail it at once.

ST. LOUIS SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 5 ST. LOUIS, MO.

I herewith enclose this coupon, which entitles me, by return mail, to a pair of your Gold-filled Perfect-Vision Spectacles, complete, also a fine leatherette, plush-lined, gold-lettered, pocket-book spectacle case, without cost to me, so I can try them out, under your own offer, of a full ten days' actual test—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and three days more. This free trial is not to cost me one penny, and if I like the glasses and keep them, I am to pay you $2.45 only—no more and no less. But if, for any reason whatsoever, I don't wish to keep them (and I, myself, am to be the sole judge), I will return them to you without paying you a single cent for them, as you agreed in the above advertisement to send them on ten days' absolute free trial. With this understanding I mail you this certificate, and it is agreed that you will stick to your word and I will stick to mine. Don't fail to answer the following questions:

How old are you?.....How many years have you used glasses (if any)?.....

Name .....

Post Office.....

Rural Route.....Box No.....State.....